明日、
ボクは死ぬ。
Tomorrow, I will die. You will revive.
キミは
生き返る。
藤まる
illustration H2SO4
電撃文庫

藤まる Fujimaru
illustration H2SO4
明日、ボクは死ぬ。キミは生き返る。
Tomorrow, I will die. You will revive.

日雪すてら
ヒグモスステラ
「人の命は
短いんだから……。
先生と、しよっか？」
風城隆行
カゼシロタカユキ
「坂本、お前の人生は
楽しそうだな」
坂本雪瑚
サカモトユキコ
「おにいさまは
雪瑚のモノなのです！
月に手が届いたのです！
アポロなのです！」
真田霞
サナダカスミ
「坂本くん、ちょ、ちょっと
こっちだけど、
そこもいいかなーって……」
坂本秋月
サカモトアキツキ
「もう……
死にたい……」
夢前光
ユメサキヒカリ
「念願の不良の体を
手に入れたぞ！
もう怖いものなしだ！」
Tomorrow, I will die
You will revive
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# Prologue

The bleeding would not stop.

On that day, a girl died in front of me.

Raindrops were falling while the body, dampened by the grey rain water, finally stopped convulsing.

This small tragedy, which happened in some unknown place in this world, sucked in people who were living their daily lives.

The crowd, full of curiosity, was watching the scene while the dark raindrops on the ambulance were vaguely reflecting the silhouette of the police car.

The siren was covering up the background noises, aggressively swaying the deep sea this world is comparable to.

Shortly after, the non-stopping rain flushed away everything.

Only a trace of that girl's blood was left.

Only this trace of blood would not disappear, as it was drying up.

I, who could never go back to my normal life, picked a dropped booklet next to my feet.

It was a booklet completely soaked of a deep, red liquid.

The photos inside were so ruined that it was impossible to see anything. Only the name could be barely deciphered.

Hikari Yumesaki.

The name of a girl who was not living in this world anymore.

This is a name given to someone destined to seize the light of her dreams and future.

A future that would yet never come to her.

A story which has already ended that can no longer continue.

Because she--

“I’ll take half of your lifespan.”

I lifted my head, feeling uneasy.

It was on the dark sidewalk in front of me.

A shady person, wearing black clothes from head to toe, was standing there.

That person, even without holding an umbrella, stayed dry from the rainwater.

However, like a decaying dead tree...

“Use half of your lifespan to save her.”

…that person said, with the tone of someone who’s suppressing its laugher.

Thus, I replied.

“Bring it on, bastard.”

I wanted to ask her something.

At the very moment she disappeared from this world…what did she think of this cruel world?

## CUT 1

# Today, I was in a Watermelon field. I lost my memories

---

“I lost my memories.”

“You spent a passionate night with your girlfriend until you lost your memories? Now this is why you're a delinquent.”

“Listen to me seriously! I really lost my memories!”

“Also, why are you not calling me Miss? Now this is why you're a delinquent.”

“Miss, please don't joke around here. I'm serious. I really lost my memories.”

“Goodness me, why must you be born with such a terrifying face? Now this is—”

“I'm going to punch you in.”

It's Monday.

No, wait, it's Tuesday today.

...It seems. My memories indicate this is the first day I came to school this week.

Clearly, we're in the infirmary of my high school, and I'm chatting with the school nurse. This is the only fact I can be certain on, and the other parts are still fuzzy to me.

“And so? When did you begin to lose your memories, Akitsuki?”

The school nurse Higumo speaks to me with clarity, calling me rudely by my name.

It's already spring, and yet this female teacher is dressed in a light blue muffler over her white coat. Clearly, she's out of touch with the seasons.

She's the subject of beauty amongst the male students with sensual curves and pretty face, and and at this point, she slackened her collar and crossed her legs like an exhibitionist, appearing to be teasing me. However, it's useless to me since I don't like any form of disorderly. That's why you shouldn't bother leaning your chest to me since a while back, and don't raise your legs again. I'm a guy, you know?

The spring breeze blew through the window, fluttering my long hair as it filled the nurse’s office with a refreshing scent. No, wait, this isn’t the time to talk about those things. It's not no much of that.

“I have no recollection of my memories from Monday. I don’t remember anything from when I slept on Sunday night till when I woke up.”

“What happened when you woke up?”

“I was on a watermelon field.”

“…Ookkaayy?”

Even I thought what I just said by myself was quite weird. It's the truth though, so there’s no helping it.

Plus, this isn't even the weirdest part.

“I wanted to go back home to take a shower, but when I realized I was completely late, I changed my mind and decided to come to school. While not noticing that today is actually Tuesday.”

“Let me think, did you mean that you wanted to bathe among the watermelons?”

“Like hell I said that!”

After falling asleep on Sunday, I woke up in a watermelon field. After coming to school, I noticed that it was Tuesday for some reason. I have no idea what I’m saying, and I’m also finding it difficult to express myself.

“Hey, you overslept, didn’t you? As expected from the number-one delinquent at school.”

“Completely impossible!”

“Then you got drunk, didn't you? As expected from the number-one delinquent at school.

“I didn’t.”

“Because you have a pretty menacing face. As expected from the number-on--”

“Enough already! Or I'll hit you."

I glared angrily at the school nurse, who was blabbering nonsense.

This idiotic from her was apparently popular among the students, and I have no idea why. To be honest, I didn’t really want to consult such a nonchalant teacher, but nor did I have the courage to go to some big hospitals and tell the doctors: “Well, ya see, I kinda lost my memories. Hehe.” If it were possible, I’d wish this was simply a huge mistake.

“Uhm, however, from a serious point of view, the most plausible idea is that you simply confused Sunday with Monday? Though it wouldn’t be quite realistic.

“Indeed.”

I understood what she meant, but it's definitively not it.

It's exactly because of that I have come to consult this frivolous school nurse.

“Please listen carefully. This morning, I heard from my mother that after I got up yesterday and looked at the mirror, I suddenly let out a weird scream and ran outside, and my whereabouts were unknown since then.
Apparently, I was still wearing my pajamas. I don't remember that in any way however, which means…”

“…”

“…”

Silence descended upon us.

“It’s because you look scary that…”

“Enough of this! Do you really love mentioning it that much?”

Higumo lets out a giggle, and finally decided to face me seriously.

“Well, I guess what you just said was true.”

She crossed her legs once again, her index finger on her lips as she says to me,

“This is a case of memory loss.”

"Ahh."

Memory loss.

I don't wish to admit it, but there's no other possibility.

“Yup, memory loss, huh?”

Higumo muttered while twirling her long hair, seemingly thinking about this.

“While it’s definitely memory loss, there are many kinds of it , varying from the “Where is this place? Who am I?” retrograde amnesia that many are familiar with, to “I remember everything until the moment I pushed down Miss Higumo…”. In this case, it’s that you’re unable to recall a specific episode of your memory. The span of your memory loss can be pretty large. I guess your situation is the latter, right?”

“Uh-uh, I’m pretty sure it’s like that.”

“So you’re admitting the fact you pushed me down, eh?”

“Let’s get back on topic…”

I haven’t lost all my memories, as proven by the fact it’d be pretty easy for me to do a self-introduction.

My name is Akitsuki Sakamoto.

I am attending Sakurahime Senior High, currently a second-year there.

I am the eldest son of a family of four, and I have a younger sister.

I am 1.85 meters tall and weigh 70 kilograms.

My birthday coincides with my favorite soccer player.

My hobby is to visit shrines during summer and winter.

I was born with a scary face, and because of that, I have the reputation of being a delinquent.

Thus, I have not a single friend. Plus, everyone in my class was keeping a certain distance with me. Every time we were to swap seats, I could see the girls beside me afterwards show an expression of grief. It happened so many times I got used to it.

Going through this discrimination ever since grade school led me astray, causing me to become an actual delinquent. My classmates, neighbors, the teachers in the school office, basically everyone in this world started to despise me. Even my own little sister has started telling me things like "Don't talk to me, you piece of shit.". Everyone judge me by my appearance. Oh well, I can care less about what the others think of me.

"H-Huh? Akitsuki, you're crying."

"I'm not crying! Say that again and I'll slaughter you!"

"Ehe, I see."

Higumo stopped asking pointless questions and yawned.

I guess there are still people who know that it's quite difficult to yawn spontaneously.

“So you lost your memories. But, even if you say so, there’s nothing we can really do. There may be a problem with your brain, so should we go to the hospital?”

“Nah, forget the hospital.”

I didn’t want to make such a fuss over it.

“You’re really stubborn, aren’t you. I guess there’s no helping it. But let’s first examine the current situation.”

“The current situation…”

We didn’t resolve the problem, but it was true that there was nothing we could do.

Tsk, so there’s no way out.

Desperate, I stood up from the folding chair.

“Bye then. Maybe I’ll come back again.”

“Ah, by the way, Akitsuki…”

Hm? Hearing Higumo’s weary voice, I turned back towards her.

“Your hair is pretty long, don’t you think? It’s against school regulations. And if you cut it shorter, you’d look much cooler.”

“I’m a delinquent, it doesn’t matter.”

“As expected from a delinquent. You are welcome to come back here at any time.”

Shit, why would I come back here?

The sexy teacher had her arms folded, and I click my tongue before slamming the door furiously.

I'm walking down a hallway that basked in sunlight.

It's a nice weather, certainly as if the stormy day yesterday did not occur.

Wait, my bad. I meant *the day before yesterday*. I have no idea whether the sky was clear yesterday or not.

It's so hot I'll sweat profusely if I run, and the corridor's filled with students chatting cheerfully as during lunch break.

It's been a few days since I became a second-year student.

There were the usual cliques on the hallways from the previous years, and new cliques formed.

Of course, this had nothing to do with me. If i have to say something, it'll be about not yawning while walking on the hallway.

I gloomily let out a sigh, and silently opened the classroom door.

Immediately, almost every classmate of mine focused their eyes on me.

However, before our eyes would meet, they would all look away.

“Haaa...”

My seat was placed in the the middle of the back row.

I rested my head on the palm of my hand as I waited for time to pass. Who is going to talk to me?

“Hey, was what Mariko said true?”

“Yeah, seems like it is. Apparently, she got harrassed up by Class 3's delinquent.”

However, I know that nobody will come and talk to me, so I ended up eavesdropping on what everyone was saying.

“That's pretty freaky. If only the teachers would pay more attention.”

“It's useless. This school's teachers would only shiver in fear. After all, our class--”

At that moment, she started to lower her voice unnaturally.

Me? Is she talking about me?

Let me say this first: I'm not causing any trouble by just because I'm being considered a delinquent.

Can it be that my existence itself is a bother? Or that I'm just a burden being alive.

If that's the case, I can't help you. Haha, die?

"Tsk.”

I subconsciously clicked my tongue and in an instant, I realized that I did something bad.

As expected, the girls started to shiver, suddenly stood up and ran to the classroom's corner.

Shocked, these girls came close to each other while timidly looking in my way, as if they'd like to apologize.

My eyes then met a petite girl with braids, but that girl averted her eyes quickly, and this almost made me break down in tears.

“Damn…”

I let out a sigh, leaned over my desk and closed my eyes. *May school end as soon as possible.*

Sulking since class started, I continue to remain prone on the desk, but no one, including the teacher, called out to me. I can't just get up at this point, so I continue to endure the aching of my shoulders until school ended.

Ahh, I’m tired.

When I got home, my mother said “Where the heck did you go yesterday?” And so I answered “Shut up, it’s none of your business!” like what a teenager would say during a rebellious stage. Mom, this is a misunderstanding, I want to be more of a good boy too, but I can’t seem to find the right timing.

“Oh.”

“Woah.”

I was about to enter my room in the second floor, and bumped into my sister, dressed in her school uniform, as she walked out from her room.

“Yo, you’re back.”

“What're you doing? Don’t talk to me, you piece of shit.”

My sister said with a cold voice as if she was venting her anger at me. She has a bobcut, her eyes beneath her bangs staring at the end of the hallway, not even giving me any attention.

This is my sister, Yukiko Sakamoto. She's graduating from middle school the next spring.

Her petite body resembles my mother; we don’t look like siblings at all since her beautiful face is far different from mine. She would be more popular if she was livelier. Unfortunately, she shares the rude way of speaking like I do.

“ You better not slack off again today, you piece of scum.”

“Hmph? Today?”

“Don’t act dumb after the problems you caused yesterday.”

“Eh….”

Yesterday…? Wait.

“Yukiko! You saw me yesterday!?”

“Huh? Actually---“

“What did I do yesterday?! What was I like to you yesterday?”

I shook the shoulders of my skeptical looking sister.

It seems she met me yesterday.

“You ask me what did you do!? That's something you should be asking yourself!"

“Just tell me already! I want to know what you think of me!”

“Huh? Wh-what I think of you… This----“

“I beg of you! Please tell me honestly! What do you think of me?!”

“ ……! ”

I pressed the issue with a serious face I never had. For some reason, Yukiko’s face was flushed red, her lips slightly opened.

“Wh-what do I think, th-that, well, I find you co-…..”

“Hm?”

Speak loudly here, please?

“Like I said, I-I find you co-…..”

“Hey, what’s wrong? Do you have a fever?”

Yukiko continues to stammer, and so, I move her bangs aside and laid my hands on her face.

Maybe it’s because I agitated her that  my sister gave me a teary face as she pushed my hand away.

“Hey, d-don’t touch me, you scum!”

My sister yelled as she went back to her room next door, shutting herself inside.

Mom looked up from the stairs and shouted “What are you doing?".“Shut up, old hag!” I yelled back, and I locked myself inside my room as well. What's with Yukiko? Why didn’t she just tell me what I did yesterday?

“Ahh, goodness….”

I threw my back to the corner and laid down on the bed.

Engulfed by the silence of my room, drowsiness struck me.

But I immediatly recalled remembered that incident, and picked up the bag I threw aside

“Let me see, I remember it being this one”

I took out the newspaper I bought on the way home, and flipped the pages in order.

Ah, found it.

**“Takiou Highschool's Female Student died in accident.”**

The title was made up of large, gothic words, I double checked the title.

This obscure news is located in the corner of the local news. I don’t usually read the news or watch the TV columns, but this was an exception.

“So her name is “Yumesaki Hikari” huh.”

I mumbled the name of the girl that passed away.

I pulled the desk drawer, and took the tattered student handbook from within. I carefully opened the book to prevent damaging it, and found the name on the torn photograph to to the same.

I remembered what happened yesterday, no. I meant the day before yesterday.

The girl who died during the rain.

Honestly, I don’t want to remember such an incident. Thankfully, I didn’t see her face. I don’t want to see the face that someone makes during the moment of their death, especially one of a girl's.

----by using half of your life span.

That cold voice struck my mind like the rain. The setting sun pierced through the curtains and stung my face.

Who the heck was he.

That shady person in black robes.

An existence akin to a mirage created by the cold rain.

My memory was so hazy it felt as if the dreams I had when I was a kid were suddenly reality.

*Bring it on,* I said to him. But logically thinking this isn't possible. The news now have reported broadcasted her death without emotion.

That girl died.

That shady person was just a mirage caused by the rain.

I was so traumatized by the girl's death that I lost my memories on Sunday.

But, is that all……?

"Am I the weird one?"

The words I subconsciously said devastated me. That's not it.

I sighed once more after laying my eyes on the student handbook.

"I…need to return this….."

If there's no mistake on the news, this handbook should be returned to her family. I can't  do anything with it anyway.

However,

I don’t have the guts to return it.

Because, this student handbook----

“…… tsk.”

I don’t know how many times I clicked my tongue at the orange sunset. I adjusted the curtains so that no sunlight would leak through and lay on the bed.

I don't know, and I don’t care anymore.

Surrounded by silence, my breath and heartbeat quickly rang in my ears.

“Died in an accident, huh.”

I mumbled once more as I closed my eyes.

If I sleep now, I won’t be able to wake up, I suppose.

Or I might lose my memories again.

“It should be fine, right?”

I said so casually, seemingly comforting myself. My consciousness soon faded within the thin veil of darkness.

As if I was escaping from today.

It's fine, I'll definitely be fine.

"It's not fine."

“Wait, I’m pretty hyped now, This girl game is pretty interesting.”

It's Wednesday.

No, wait, that’s not right, it’s Thursday.

Nope, it's Friday…. Eh, it's Thursday? Argh, I don't care anymore!

It was around 9am, in the middle of the first first period, and I'm in the the Infirmary right now.

Of course, the reason is to be expected.

"Miss, things got worse here. I lost another day of my memories… Turn off the TV first!”

“W-wait! This character looks just like you, Akitsuki. His looks---“

“Do your job, you idiot!”

I snatched the remote control and switched off the TV. I then gave a hideous glare face at Higumo in response to her sullen look, and slumped into the seat.

"Oh come on. By the way, judging from the dirt on you, did you sleep in the watermelon fields again?”

“Yeah, I slept there again.”

This time, I woke up in the watermelon fields again, and the calendar…

“It’s Thursday.”

“Yeah, it’s Thursday.”

I lost another day of my memories.

“Oho. You were going at it too intensively, didn't you? I guess you had to lose you memories after all because of that. As expected of a delinquent.”

“What should I do? This doesn’t look good….”

“Uh, huh, where's the punchline…?"

This terrifying thing happened again. I lost my memories, and find myself waking up again in the watermelon fields.

“Teach, seriously speaking, what do you think of this? Things are pretty bad, right…?.”

“Yeah. I’ve never heard about losing memories every alternate day. Do you have any idea? Like you’re actually man-made! Or something like that.”

“Man-made, huh. I see, it all makes sense now….”

“Uh, huh? Did you just give a senile look….?”

“Haha, so that’s it. I’m not human huh.”

“Sorry. I’m paying attention. Please return back to normal, Akitsuki.”

Higumo straightened her muffler, and and took a book out from the metallic shelf.

“After you left, I began to look into amnesia. But there aren't any cases where people lose their memories every alternate day.”

“I know right. That means I’m man made.”

"Erm, I'm really sorry here… By the way, I found another possibility.”

“Another possibility?”

Higumo nodded as she opened a page in the thick book.

The term written there was….

“Dissociative identity disorder?”

“Yeah, also known as 'Multiple Personality Disorder'.”

Multiple personalities.

This term echoed in my mind like a gong.

“This is what is written about MPD( Multiple Personality Disorder. *To protect their mental state, human choose to seal up their sad memories. Cases like this are rare. During cases like this, the sealed memory would*

*become another personality after being triggered by something, and this symptom is called….*"

"MPD huh."

"That's it."

Higumo nodded once more as she took up the mug on the table. I laid my eyes on the words printed on it, Sutera huh? What a cute name. I just added an unneceessary memory..

"Do you have any idea?"

"Nah."

If I did have any, I would have gladly sealed up the memories of this past week and the unnecessary things I just learned.

"Is that so? But if this situation goes on, you'll need to stay alert. The book states that they are cases when the alternate personality would appear more frequently and take over its host."

"---- huh?"

I was dumbfounded by these terrifying words.

Wait right there.

What's going on here? Eh, what's that about?

Eh?

“This might still be wrong. You better go to the hospital.”

“……”

"Akitsuki?"

“…… I’m …..”

“Akitsuki… are you crying?”

“….trash….”

"Eh?"

“I still have a lot of things… left undone…”

“For example?”

“I want to touch girls…”

“You’ll need to control your urges as a delinquent.”

“Guh… why did I become a delinquent….”

“… Severe symptoms, huh?.”

“Damn it….”

I don’t really remember what happened next.

I remember Higumo advising me to go to the hospital, but I ignored her.

I stumbled my way out of the infirmary and pulled the door to my classroom mightily. The students and teacher, in the midst of class, were shocked, but I ignored them and closed the door.

I look like a sore loser right? I don't even know what I'm doing.

I left school right away and wandered around the town for about an hour.

In the end, I stopped at the Watermelon fields, squatted down, and cried.

"Waaahhhh!!"

The passers-by probably think of me as a madman.

The sky was wonderfully clear.

It was around sunset.

I walked home after my tears dried up.

"Why are you so late? What were you doing you piece of trash?"

"I'm back. Where's mom?"

"She has work today. If you understand the situation now, you better start making dinner. I'll help you only for today."

"Huh?"

My sister had an apron on, and in my surprise, I sized her up..

She's suddenly much more feminine. But she would look better if she's a little fatter.

“Wh-what's wrong with you, looking at me like that? You're disgusting. Stop looking!"

“Yukiko, I’m glad that I got to be your brother.”

"Eh…I don't know what you're talking about!?"

“I’m sorry for everything I have done up till now.”

“What are you saying--------!?”

I suddenly expressed my love to my sister, fully prepared to be hated. Ah, it feels so warm and tender.

"You idiot! Wh-what are you doing now! Br-brother!?"

“Thank you, Yukiko.”

I exerted more force in my embrace.

"Br-brother…"

I hugged her for about 20 seconds, and then let go of her gently.. My sister's drooling as her eyes sparkled, and she returned to her room.

“I-I’ll need to write that on my blog… No, I better write a draft first….”

And then, my sister vanished behind the door.

Blog? What’s that?

Well, let’s forget about that first. My sister's words caused me to have a thought.

“Right, a diary”

I entered my room, and locked the door.

I pulled the curtains down, sealing any gaps to make sure. Relying only on the table lamp placed on the wooden desk, I took up my pen in this dark room.

I opened a new note book on the side of the table. I stared on the blank page for a while.

……Ehhh…….ah….

I can’t think of what to write. In cases like this, the most important thing is to write something, anything, and follow the flow.

I wrote exactly what I thought, with the pen sliding on the paper as the background music.

To the other me.

These might be my last words.

**“Yo, how are you? How does it feel like in my body during Monday and Wednesday? It seems like you took over my body.**

**Well, I don’t care anymore.**

**Sorry, I didn’t mean that. This is too ridiculous.**

**But I’ve given up. This body can only cause trouble for my family and society/ You can have this body.**

**But, I have one last wish.**

**Please protect my sister, she is more important than my life.**

**Also, greet my parents, and thank them for raising me up.**

**That’s all, I’ll leave the rest to you.**

**Well, there's something like a gift for you. There's a hidden Anime folder in my computer, do whatever you want with it.**

**The password is “Ookiihaseigi.” (Big is justice)**

**Bye, the other me.**

**From Akitsuki Sakamoto”**

"Phew."

Once I was done writing, I placed the notebook in the middle of the desk, where it would attract attention. A sigh then leaked out with enthusiasm.

I have no regrets.

I don’t regret anything at all.

I told myself as I laid down on the bed.

No, I should at least have a last meal with my sister.

Having changed my mind, I knocked my sister’s room door, requesting her to have dinner with me.

I took a bath, and it's already bedtime once my body and mind entered a drowsy state.

Goodbye everyone.

I made a simplified farewell before my last moments, and my consciousness sank into the darkness.

On that night, I entered a deep sleep I never had before.

“…. Saturday.”

I woke up as usual.

The calendar on my cellphone tells me that I’ve skipped a day again.

It’s just that this time, I didn’t wake up in the watermelon fields unlike before.

Also, another thing.

“You must be joking.”

The notebook's left on the table.

But it's obviously placed differently from how I did.

The notebook was laying on the table lamp, clearly indicating to me that I have to read it.

I don’t have the time to think anymore.

A weird sense of duty propels me to be anxious, and I open the book furiously.

The thing written inside is----

"……That black-cloaked bastard."

I found out what was going on.

The real identity of the rain sounds that has been in my mind since that day.

“This is what he meant by half.”

I collapse down on the bed limply, like a puppet severed of its strings.

I don’t know if I should laugh or cry.

I grab my head, not knowing what to do once I saw the words written in the notebook.

**“To Akitsuki Sakamoto**

**Are you the other me?**

**Hikari Yumesaki”**

## CUT 2

# Yesterday, you carried out sexual harrassment, and I got arrested.

---

“Am I going to be late.....?”

I was woken up by the alarm, and while my consciousness is in a mess, I can only sigh with regards to this situation.

It’s already past 8am.

There's 20 minutes till class starts.

Going to school on foot takes 30 minutes.

“That idiot.....”

Complaining won't make matters any better.

I hurriedly grabbed my bag.... Eh? Where is my bag?

“Why is it at a place like this?”

I save my bag from being stuffed in the small space between my bed and the wall, and check the contents.

“She didn’t... do my homework”

“Nor did she…. Arrange my timetable.”

“My school uniform…. Let me see…. Where the heck is it?”

I growled furiously. I later found it on the ground for some reason. Argh.

“Akitsuki, breakfast is ready.”

“Ah? I’m not eating!”

“Huh? You said you were going to eat breakfast yesterday!”

Mom said, sounding somewhat mad. Mom, that person yesterday wasn’t me!

I change into my school uniform, grab the notebook on the table and stuff it into my bag. Preparations are complete.

“Ah damn it! If I get punished by the teacher, it’s your fault!”

I mumbled to no one in particular, and continued to make haste to school while the morning sun rains down.

The wind caressing my body is still a little cold, but the hair covering my ears and neck feel more comfy than usual.

I guess I'll have to be grateful that I have to rush to school 2 days later.

I enter the classroom panting while class is still underway, and my classmates focused on me as usual. “Erm, ah….about that”  I take a gulp of

breath  I decided to apologize, but the teacher apologizes to me first. (Why did he?) And so, I sit at my desk, still wondering what is going on. The peaceful atmosphere in this class is gone with my arrival. I'm sorry everyone.

Once the surrounding stares have seemingly reduced in numbers, I take out the notebook from my bag. I wanted to read it at home, but thanks to that idiot, I didn't have time.

I open the notebook carefully, and there's the message left by her.

**"Does that mean I borrowed Mr Hosoi's SF powers and possessed Mr Sakamoto?"**

**"Maybe. Anyway, who the heck is Mr Hosoi?"** (Note: 細井, the name, can be given as a pun on ほそい, skinny)

I wrote my reply on the line without any sense of tension.

On that day, that rainy day.

"Will you save her with half your lifespan?"

I was coerced by the man in black robes.

From what he said, it sounds like I was to offer half my life to save Hikari Yumesaki. That was what I thought, and this is what any ordinary person will think

But it wasn't the case.

I don’t know what happened to Hikari Yumesaki, but now we are in a situation where we exchange personalities every alternate day.

This means that there are two souls residing in my body, and we take turns in taking control.

When the personality isn’t in control of the body, the personality doesn’t get the memories, so that does equal to half of my life span. This is what the man in black meant by half. Isn’t this scam! It really is half huh? Literally half, hahahahahaha, ha, ah….

Having noticed this the previous Saturday, I wrote it down on the notebook.

I’m worried if Hikari Yumesaki won’t believe me, but its already too late, she doesn’t have a choice but to believe. In the end, Yumesaki Hikari didn’t feel suspicious about the situation but instead wrote questions requesting for answers. One of her question was the one earlier regarding Mr Hosoi, probably referring to the guy in black robes. I guess she calls him that is because 'that skinny guy wearing black robes...'

By the way, today is Wednesday.

After exchanging diaries for a few times, we have a rough grasp of the situation.

But Hikari Yumesaki surely have many more questions to ask.

Questions like what happens in school, my friends, how do I normally act in school, my tone of talking and such. Well, it's normal for her to ask these questions since she's suddenly stuck in a male's body.

While answering her questions with a red pen, I wonder.

"I guess I should introduce myself."

Anyways, we've been reporting the situation these few days, so it's my responsibility to write down what's currently going on.

But if this keeps up, we need to exchange information more frequently.

I need to let Hikari Yumesaki understand my current situation, and let her act like me.  After all, if I say "Whatcha say?" with a delinquent tone today, and say "Is that true? ~ ☆" with a highschool girl tone the next day, my life would surely be over.

"But, what shall I write?"

I wrote down whatever that came through my mind.

I look hideous; and I'm not good at socializing.

Thanks to that, I've been labelled a delinquent, and I don't have friends nor a girlfriend.

The last time I talked to a classmate was probably 5 years ago.

I don't get along well with my family too, since I'm In a rebellious stage

Hm, what's wrong with me? I'm feeling more depressed as I continue writing. If I have some friends…

Sobs.

It feels very vexing, but I still revised my words before writing them inside the notebook.

After a while, it's already 11pm; it's about time to sleep.

**"Try going to school tomorrow."**

I gave her te order to stay at home before this, but this can't be a long-term solution. I guess I should try letting her go to school tomorrow.

And so, I arranged my timetable for her, did a little revision, I set my alarm clock earlier for the next day.

I even hung my school uniform on a hanger, and left my ironed T-shirt on an obvious spot.

Of course, I've already written what to take note of, and the contact method in the notebook. It should be fine now.

"……"

And then, I wonder.

She seems like the person who would laugh and mess around all day, but I've never asked anything about her.

What does she think about the fact that the person called Hikari Yumesaki has died?

Regarding her death, **" I see. I died in an accident, did I…B-because no one saved me~ (laughs) But nothing can be done about! I've already forgotten about it! Alright, this topic is taboo from now on!"** Hikari Yumesaki added this line in a cheerful manner, but thinking about this normally, this isn't something to be happy about.

She can no longer approach her family and friends as Hikari Yumesaki, only as Akitsuki Sakamoto instead.

There's also something I have to ask no matter what.

Right when I'm about to write it down----

"……Never mind, I guess."

I muttered, seemingly seeking approval from someone as I closed the notebook.

Let's not do anything unnecessary. Such a life like this is already troublesome. Getting used to my new life should be the top priority.

**"I'll leave my body to you tomorrow."**

I then went to sleep.

While harboring anxiety and a little restlessness.

*****

“……Haa”

I woke up from a light sleep, and stared at the notebook.

The reason for that's simple; something unexpected happened.

Of course, the reason was written inside the notebook.

It's Wednesday today . A week has passed since I allowed her to go to school.

And since then, the way we write our dairy has been more systematic. Basically, the first half page is used to summarize what happened during the day, and the other half is the message to leave for the other me. My records are on the left,  while Hikari Yumesaki' records are at the right. The iron rule is that any important topic is to be specifically mentioned using a picture drawn with a color pen. For example, go to school using this route, to walk to school with the route today, or the quiz tomorrow would affect your overall result, so good luck or something.

At the same time, we're setting the rules for our cohabitation ( I can say so, right?) is being set.

I wrote the rules in the last page of the notebook, as long as we follow the rules above, we can definitely live this strange life peacefully.

……Or that is what I thought.

“That idiot…..”

I don’t know if everyone can feel how fed up I am from this sigh, but now the miraculous cohabitation life of me and Hikari Yumesaki is in deep trouble.

There's only one reason.

Hikari Yumseaki herself.

I didn’t think that she is such a person I want to punch.

I flip back the pages of the notebook, recalling what happened these few days. Such a situation is really. It's really a rare sight to behold, so I’ll introduce what was wrtten on the notebook to everyone so that everyone can see what an idiot she is.

Anyways, this is what was written in the diary on that certain day.

**“I’m sorry.”**

“Huh?”

What’s wrong? Why is she apologizing?

……

Eh?

When I woke up and opened the notebook, this is the only line I saw on it.

Even if I want to ask why, I can only ask her tomorrow, and I can only get the reply the day after.

**“Be more specific there…”**

There was nothing I can do, so I gave up, packed my stuff, and went to school.

And then I got arrested.

I didnt know what they are talking about, and I was completely flabbergasted.

When I got to school, the police said, “Anyways, let's have a talk first.” They borrowed a room in school, and started questioning me.

I’ll summarize what I was questioned for everyone.

*--Why did you enter the girls changing room?*

*--And even calmly stripped in there?*

*--According to the victims, when you were changing, you even said something like “That bra is so cute~! Let me see, let me see!” or something.*

*--In the end, you even said “Hehe~ These are soft~” while touching a girl.*

*-- You even showed the girls your tights and said “This fluffy feeling is disgusting. Sakamoto's little boy is such a pain.” Or something.*

*--Well, enough with that. What you did can only be described as speechless. Even us cops felt embarrassed by it; we actually have to protect the country with such a teenager around.*

*--It seems that after you did all those stuff, you also said, “Ahh! This is bad! This is a bad thing, isn't it!?"*

*--They said that before you left, you even gave a weird explanation saying, “No, I simply forgotten. It’s because I’m used to it!”, and then you ran away.*

*--You say you’re used to it, does it mean that you do this often? What a luck--pervert!*

*-- Japan is in decline because of delinquents like you….*

*--Due to all of these, I’ll arrest you. Any objections?*

That’s it.

And then, I screamed.

“That idiiiiooooottttt!!!”

And now it’s time to defend myself.

But I can’t tell them the truth. The policemen were like, “Enough already, you bastard.”

In the end, Higumo came to my rescue“Oh ho, you boys sure have guts to trouble on this delinquent. If you guys arrest him, the consequences will be really terrifying, you know? He has someone really amazing backing him up; just look at his face. Because of this face, I too was threatened and did some intense…sobs.” or it seems the case anyway. As she lied about what I did to her, the girls eventually revoked their report.

You’re a teacher, you should be more conservative. Now my standing in class, already so small, is practically non-existent!

And thus, the first rule regarding our cohabitation was born.

**“Rule No.1: You need to know that you’re moving around in a male’s body! Don’t be a pervert!”**

Of course, causing problems is against the rules too.

When I opened the notebook in the morning again, the words written were,

**“Record the drama for me and I’ll treat you to tempura! Of course, if it's recorded in Blu-Ray, I’ll treat you to ramen!”**

At least tell me what kind of drama it is. I inadvertently sighed.

I pass by my sister as I make my way to the bathroom, and for some reason.

“Hii.”

My sister let out a weird shriek, and blushed as she left.

She usually avoids me, but she seems different this time around. What's going on now, I wonder?

And that night, an incident occurred.

"B-brother, my I?"

My sister knocked on the door, and entered the room.

For some reason she was embracing her bath towel in her bucket, her eyes swimming like an individual swimming medley champion..

“I-I’ll leave it to you again today, b-brother.”

“Huh, what?”

I asked back curiously.

And then, my sister looked thunderstruck, and gave a panicky look.

“H-how can I explain something like that! It’s what we did yesterday! An-anyway, prepare yourself!”

"Hm, yesterday?"

How am I supposed to know what happened? It’s all that idiot’s fault for not writing it inside the notebook.

“L-like I said. Like what we did yesterday. E-erm…”

"Hm?"

Right when my mind is preparing for a Dempsey Roll, my sister shouted furiously, her face flushed red,

“Wh-whatever! You liar!”

--BAMF

My sister ran out of the room.

“What did that idiot do?”

Anyway, I’ll write **“My sister is acting weird, do you know what happened?”** on the notebook first. The day after tomorrow she replied with exceptionally round words.

**“Guhehe, it seems your sister has learned the pleasure of a woman. How beauiful it is (slurps)”**

“You bitch…”

And then, another rule was added.

**“Rule number 2: Don’t mess with my sister! It’s still too early for her to experience the pleasure of a woman!”**

She's more of a frivolous person than I expected. I’ll try listing the troubles she caused.

This woman always set the alarm at a time where I can barely make it to school on time, does not do my homework, throws my shirt everywhere, does not dry my futon, nor does she charge my phone, leaves the TV on when she sleeps, loads my save file and advance the game, always stays up late to watch midnight anime, causing me to be sleep-deprived, and puts the character Ki-chan (き●ぃちゃん. Since we're talking about anime, my guess is that it's Maki from Love Live) as my cellphone screen saver. She also walks into the girls washroom, which causes trouble to me the moment I step into school. It’s about time you got used to it, and stop wearing bra and panties. Everyone got shocked seeing you like that when you change clothes for PE.

I vented all my anger onto the notebook.

The day after tomorrow, she wrote,

**“I don’t feel safe without my underwear! Sakamoto little thing down there is swinging too much. I feel uncomfortable!”**

Just what are you talking about….

Continued by.

**“You're supposed to be a delinquent, Sakamoto, but yet you nag me as if you’re my stepmother saying, ”Hikari, there is still so much dust around, clean it again properly this time!” or something? Bwahahahahaha (laughs)”**

I got mad after reading that, so mad that I overwrote the drama she recorded by a sumo show. And then, my sister woke me up the day after tomorrow with a shriek.

I looked around, and found myself in her room, on her bed too. My sister, having just woken up, looked as shocked as I was. I found myself dressed only in my underwear, so I quickly explained, *"This is an misunderstanding! It is just a biological phenomenon!”* But even I myself find this reason unbelieveable. “This child….” My mother looked livid as she said this, and that expression gave me a permanent trauma.

**“Rule number 3: Live your life properly! Record your late night anime, and don’t dance along with the ending theme in a dark room in the middle of the night. You’ll attract my sister’s attention.”**

Has she had enough yet?

“By the way, why did I end up in the watermelon fields?”

That day, I threw in a question I have been curious able asking.

For some reason, I slept and woke up in the watermelon fields twice. It really was a rare sight to behold.

In response to my earnest answer, Hikari Yumesaki answers,

**“I woke up, and found myself as a boy for some reason. While I was wondering around, I saw the watermelon fields. And when I saw the watermelons, I was reminded of big breasts, and so I pondered as I fell asleep. If you're asking me what i want to say, don't you find that your fetishes regarding your hidden anime is leaning towards watermelons? If you treat me to a week worth of Koala's March, I may consider returning it.”**

“Damn it!”

I hurriedly switched on my computer, and tried to open my anime folder, only to see a pop-up “Wrong password”. Damn it, she actually did it!

In my desperation, I bought a large amount of 'Koala's march' candy from the convenience store.

And two days later, the following words were in the notebook,

“So such things were hidden inside the Recycle Bin! This kind of jerking off won't amount much since you sexually harass girls in such a creative manner! Please don’t use so much tissue!”

Damn it, looks like I got tricked. Why did you end up in the watermelon fields anyway?

**“Rule number 4: Be careful when handling your desires, only once per day!”**

"You look tired, Akitsuki."

“Yeah, I’m dying.”

“Oho, was yesterday too intense?”

“What happened yesterday?!”

After so much commotion, the weekend passed by, and it's already Wednesday by the time I noticed it. Now that my weekend has been halved, I felt that I lost out in some way.

Thanks to that idiot, I'm sleep deprived, and now I'm resting in the infirmary.

I didn’t come here because I had too many things on my mind, nor did I run over here because the girls in my class are looking at me like a convict. That's definitely not it...

“Leaving that aside, why are you holding my phone since just now?”

“Alright, it’s completed. This is the app I made, “You’ll definitely get a panties shot!' If you take a photo with this app on, the photo of the person will become a photo of the panties. It’s an addictive app.”

And after all that wrenching, you gave it such a straightforward name.

“Also, this app is so smart, it can match the best type of panties according to a person’s face and clothing. Say cheese ~☆"

*Snap*.

My phone gave a cold mechanical sound, and shown on the screen is a scary teenager with a T-Shirt. Delete, delete…. huh?! I can’t delete it?! Damn it, she must have did something to the settings!

“By the way, has your second personality emerged since then?”

“Hmm…well.”

What Higumo meant by “since then” would be since the incident involving the changing room was caused by Hikari Yumesaki. I explained to her that it was because of my alternate personality. I wasn’t exactly lying back then, because it really wasn't me.

Of course, the thought of telling Higumo about Hikari Yumesaki did cross my mind, but I didn’t do so even till this point. She won't believe me anyway.

“But it seems like you're pretty happy recently. The teachers in the facility room were talking about how active you were recently. The school even gave us a manual on how to treat students who bring weapons to school. I’ll let you have a look at the guide.”

“Hey don’t do that!”

I flip through the book, browsing briefly. What the heck is this?

“Don’t agitate the student. First, talk to him about his family members to calm him down. It will be better of you are able to say,” If you cause more problems and hav to be counselled, your HDD will also be investigated'." Why are you guys treating me like an indoor terrorist?”

But its normal; certainly, the school would be alert when an obedient delinquent suddenly became radical. I didn’t think Hikari would be such a crazy person, but since she's dead, I guess it can be explained as her being sad. What reason does she have to enjoy another person's life?

“……..”

I felt a cold wave of water flushed through my mind.

Yes, surely such a thing was to be expected.

She did this because she's sad.

She's sad because 'Hikari Yumesaki' is gone.

It's a normal reaction. Of course it is.

It’s not that she doesn’t care about her death, she's pretending that she doesn't care.

Regarding her death, I have nothing much to say; nothing, in fact.

It might not be an eternity, but if she's going to continue living while enduring her emotions, I'm not going to ask her questions.

But, there's something I really want to know.

“Hey teach.”

"Hm?"

Even I think that the question I am about to ask is unusual.

“If one day, you're thrown into an unknown world because of a certain person, what will you do? You don’t know anything about that world, nobody will come and save you, and it's not a sure thing that you can return back to your own world. If that's the case… you'll hate that person right?”

The moment I finished this question, I regretted it,

Why am I discussing this problem with someone who lives so care-freely like a swaying seaweed? She'll just say, “You said something pretty exquisite for a delinquent. Is your brain rotting?”

But the words have already left me, I can’t take them back.

An unnatural silence filled the atmosphere in this room.

“Hmm…..” Higumo showed a troubled face. Let's hope that she can give me a decent answer after showing such an expression.

"Hm, if it's me."

“What will you do?”

“I'll enjoy my new life quite a bit? It sounds like a lot of fun to me.”

“….. is that so.”

I let down my shoulders slump, holes seemingly punctured in them. Higumo's answer is as carefree as she usually is.

Well, I guess that's the case indeed. Even if she does say some correct answer, I'll be confused by that.

"However."

"Hm?"

The bell rang, indicating the end of class.

Hikumo continued as if she was racing with the bell.

“If you are so concerned, why don’t you ask that person yourself? Not that I know what's going on though.”

“!!”

I looked up, only to see Higumo staring at me.

She looked like she's smiling at me.

“Don’t be afraid. You are a kind guy. A kind guy gets forgiven no matter what he does.”

“I’m kind?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“Because you are always concerned about stuff like this, I guess.”

“…..”

I ignored her since I couldn’t understand what she was trying to say.

But those words continue to linger in my mind. Ahh seriously, it's uncomfortable.

“Bye, I’ll head back.”

I get up from my chair and leave this room to escape from her words.

And more words were said to me from behind.

"Akitsuki."

"Hm?"

“You’re not going to trim your hair?”

“Stop being such a busybody.”

“Oho, your hair looks tidier today. Finally particular about it?”

“… Stop being a busybody.”

Why is such a person popular with the students?

I think I'm starting to understand.

And on that night, I write the neatest words I can into the notebook.

But the more I tried to be, the messier it became.

I did not erase what I wrote however. If I write it, I won't have the mood to write it again.

**“Do you hate me?”**

“Even if you hate me, I can’t do anything about it.”

After I was done writing, I put down the pen silently.

She can't return to her world anymore.

No matter what her wishes are,, she has to live as Akitsuki Sakamoto from now on.

Even if she has things she wants to do, she can't, and no matter how unbearable she finds it to be, she can't escape. I'm the one locking her in.

At the same time, I thought that it was a good idea to let her live in my stead.

But, she might not think so.

Because----

“.....”

I might burn the notebook if I continue, so I lay down on the bed, seemingly running away from reality.

Then I bid farewell to myself today.

*****

I woke up in the morning, and it's still dark around me.

My grey footsteps sink in the world devoid of color as I head for the notebook.

I flip it open, and see the words on it.

“Hah...”

I sighed for some reason.

Even in the bluish darkness, I can clearly see the words.

**“Thanks for saving me. Being depressed now won't help matter, but my life now is surprisingly amusing. Being a boy isn’t bad either! Please treat me well from now on, partner!”**

The words she wrote are prettier than much.

And then, she continues,

**“I’m glad it’s you who saved me, Sakamoto.”**

There's a box with a pretty ribbon placed on the table. I have no idea why I can I can vaguely smell a faint chocolate whiff. I’m not sure what does this have to do with the bandages I have on my left index finger.

After affirming what she wrote, I rub my swollen eyes, and cover myself with the futon once more.

“Treat me well too, Hikari Yumesaki.”

I said to my partner, whom I will never meet

I set my alarm back to the usual time, and head back to sleep.

## CUT 3

# Today, Sexy Dream fought. You became a hero.

---

I had a dream.

It's a dream of my childhood, when I was still at elementary school.

I'm sure it was summer. Yeah, summer.

It was a campsite for families. Everyone was barbecuing at the riverside.

Besides us, there were other families with other children around.

Not long later, all the children naturally gathered together, playing together like friends who played together for years.

There was a river, so us children naturally thought of playing in the river.

But there were always children who were alone

They either could not swim, or they were abnormally afraid of the water.

On the other side of the shallow river was a timid girl who was crying.

She could have crossed the river if someone helped her.

The timid girl’s eyes were filled with tears, fidgeting and hesitating.

The water surface reflected the dazzling dress her on a dress, clearing unbefitting of a camp trip.

The girl had long, silky hair, holding a panda doll in both hands, clearly looking very pitiful.

I could only recall such a fuzzy image, and all I could remember was that she was a very cute girl.

And that there were other lonely children.

Some of them were acting cool, some of them were idiots fooling around.

And there was me, being an idiot.

“Polaris Princess! Wait right there, I'm coming to save you! I promise this in the name of In the name of Autumn Moon!”

I imitated the transformation poses used in anime and yelled those lines proudly.

Polaris Princess was the heroine of the Anime I was addicted to.

As for Autumn Moon, well, Autumn Moon (TN: a direct translation of Akitsuki's name, 秋月)... yeah, that's the setting

Let’s put this topic aside.

No matter the motive, Autumn moon is a hard-working hero that helps anyone in trouble.

However, I made a fool of myself.

I slipped, and got dragged by the water current without putting up a fight, I was drowning.

Even now, the sight of the girl with the panda watching me get washed away is still a fresh memory my mind.

I'm going to die.

That was what my young self thought.

And then, a girl came out from nowhere, and rushed to the riverside.

When the other children were looking stunned, she jumped in aggressively.

She leaped right into the river, grabbing my hand tightly, and pulled me to the shore.

She had a pair of beautiful eyes, short hair reflecting the sunlight and a stunning white Alice band.

Her smile was so fascinating and unforgettable.

And she stole my heart instantly with her actions, which included what she said next,

"I'm the hero who saved your life! From today onwards, you're my servant!"

She continued, “It’s a promise! Let’s do a pinky promise!” reaching her pinky finger out. I then reached my out in a subconscious manner too. Her finger was extremely warm.

I replied.

I will repay this debt. When you're in danger, I'll definitely save you, it’s a promise.

I can never forget the lonely feeling I had when our fingers parted.

It has been 10 years since then…

“Arrghhhhhhh!!”

I woke up and screamed on a weekend.

Damn it! I got made fun of!

“Autumn moon (LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOL)”

This was written on the notebook, and there was a letter placed next to it.

“Ah shit….this is bad…. I forgot to hide it….!”

With a bitter look, I proceeded to read the diary.

**“I checked underneath the bed and found such an incredible treasure! Sakamoto, you're actually exchanging letters with a girl. How cute~~~~~”**

“That was a long time ago! Don’t be such a busybody!”

I picked up the letter and grumbled.

This letter was from the girl I met at the BBQ.

From the girl with the short haircut and the Alice headband who saved me from drowning back then.

She and I are get on with each other well, so we spent time together at the BBQ playing with each other the entire time. I do realize that exchanging letters is not exactly trendy nowadays, but we used this method of joys and sorrows to keep in contact.

I too felt that Hikari Yumesaki will definitely laugh at me if she finds it, so I kept the letters in a cardboard box, and hid the box in the ceiling. However, it looks like I took it out once and forgot to place it back. Damn it… by the way, why did you look under my bed? though I can guess the reason though.

**“Since it's so rare, I copied the whole text for you.**

**--Hello Akitsuki. How have you been?**

**Summer's coming soon. Whenever it arrives, I'm sure to think of you.**

**That memory is still fresh within you. You wanted to be a hero, but you failed.**

**The you back then was really cool. Hero Autumn Moon!**

**I can still remember the promise back then. I won't forget it, please remember**

**to reply—**

**Hah, Autumn moon (LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOL)**

**Not bad, Hero (LOL), and you even failed. As expected from you, Sakamoto (LOLOLOLOLOLOL)**

**So, please reply. (Peeks from behind wall)**)

Don't laugh at other's past! Everyone had such a time!

"Ah- Damn… that bitch found such a useless thing…"

I sighed as I opened the letter. Man, barging into someone else's memories like that.

I looked at the last, cheerful line on the notebook.

**"Ohoho, Autumn Moon Autumn Moon ♪ Got myself a good story☆"**

Well, whatever. She should get sick of it after a while.

"… It has been a while since her last letter."

As time passed, the interval between each letter increased, and I've forgotten when was the last time we exchanged letters.

“… Is she doing fine now?”

Stoking up past memories within me, I was struck by loneliness.

I can’t even recall how she looks like now, that girl who shone like the sun.

This fuzzy memory's buried in the corner of my memories. It'll be be a lie if I say I don't feel nostalgic at all.

But let's forget about it; it’s all in the past now.

I cover the box of memories and stuff it into the deepest part of my desk’s drawer.

Hikari Yumesaki didn’t mention anything about the letters afterwards.

Not sure if it's related to this, but recently, she started a game without my acknowledgement.

A game of her playing hero.

*****

“Why did I wake up with sore muscles?”

“You can only blame the you yesterday.”

“The me yesterday wasn’t behaving, it seems.”

“Hm?”

“It’s nothing, hand me a wet cloth.”

“I’ll apply it on you, remove your top.”

“Don’t say that while placing your hand on my belt!”

The calendar states that today is the Tuesday after Golden Week. There is still time until Saturday, and I felt really depressed.

Speaking of May, the first thing that comes to mind is that abnormally dazzling sunlight. Was May always so hot? It's like my brain gets reset every year.

I'm currently in the infirmary, which I recently got familiar with.

Hikari Yumesaki used my body as and when she wanted, at her own whims, and I'm now troubled by chronic muscle pain.

**“I finally obtained a delinquent's body I always wanted! I now fear nothing!”**

This is what she wrote on the notebook few days ago.

What did she do? She even registered a gym membership card without me knowing; there were also two new wounds on my face. Please, don’t cause

me anymore trouble. Also, your technique in applying the band-aid is bad, please consider the angle before you apply it.

“But you were so awesome yesterday. I was shocked.”

“Hmph, what did I do yesterday?”

Higumo’s words troubled me

“Your lower body could move so rapidly, as expected from Yankee-kun.”

“Huh? Lower body?!”

“The girl on the bed was shocked.”

“Bed---?!”

Wait, this---

“You ran home so quickly, I could even see you from here, were you in a hurry?”

“Eh. Ah, well…”

So that's how it was. She really scared me.

Hikari Yumesaki’s actions were as before, and has become more ridiculous each day. Living together sure is a pain.

When I woke up two days ago, there were pamphlets about pets all over the room, **“If you don’t let me raise one, I’ll take a video of you wearing cat ears and post it on NicoNico!”** and there were nonsensical threats written on the notebook .

That said, not everything she did was bad. My sister started calling me “big brother☆”, there's a point card for a maid café in my wallet, and by the way, my screensaver became a photo of me and a maid. I deleted it right away, the memory of it is still fresh in my mind. With Hikari Yumesaki squandering money everywhere, my room begins to overload with all kind of stuff, which is the source of my troubles. For example, the shelf is neatly filled with blue ray discs of moe anime and doujins. If I have to mention other examples, it'll be regarding a white puzzle left in a corner of the room, an original puzzle where words and pictures can be drawn on the white puzzle.

At first, she attempted to complete it by a little day by day, but after a while, she started to ignore it, and so I finished it for her over the next few days. It was hard at first, but I got addicted by how interesting it is later on, and when I finished it, I felt joy, my childhood excitement awakening within me, I was happy. The next day…

**“Don’t complete it on your own!”**

Yumesaki Hikari got angry. You're the one who didn't assemble it yourself.

By the way, no matter how much money she squanders, I would never need to worry about money. They are still money from what my sister spared me.

Hm? Why does Yukiko have so much money?

Let me tell you something shocking! My sister, Yukiko Sakamoto, is only a middle-schooler, but she's contracted with a publisher as a light novelist!

She didn't tell me what she's writing, but I'm not exactly very familiar with it, but it seems to be selling well. There's a lot of money sent to her every month in lump sums, but she doesn't have a bank account, so she's been using mine all this time. (For some reason, my sister doesn't want our parents to know that she's a novelist, so I have to pretend to be an adult nd accompany her when she signed the contract with the publisher. Anyway, it's a lot of trouble; we will talk about the details some other time…)

To thank me, my sister let me spend her prize money from a certain award-winning novel she wrote. I rejected, of course. But my sister said,

“It's thanks to your hard work in the novel that I could do my best and win this prize. This is my way of thanking you; you don’t have to worry!”

It seemed weird, but since I got myself money to spend, why not? Also, helping her to get ideas for her novel isn’t so bad. Hmph? Getting ideas? All I do is change into clothes she picks for me, pose as she wants me to and take photos of me at designated places. If you are wondering what she does with those photos, it is probably related to her novel.

“Lessons are starting soon, I’ll head back. Bye.”

“Alright. ah, Akitsuki.”

“I'm not trimming my hair.”

“Tch.”

What a bothersome person.

“By the way, did you change your shampoo?”

“….. Bye.”

The me tomorrow is troublesome after all.

*****

Because of a certain someone, my notes are a mess. I've been sighing at my notes for about 10 minutes.

The bell indicating the end of class chimed, and my classmates begin to leave their seats, blooming into random chatter with their friends. Of course, I am left deserted, and it's a barren land aroud me. It'll be great if everyone can just chat with me unhindered. I'm willing to do anything as long as you talk to me. Give you money? Friend fees? Eh…. Huh, my tears aren't stopping. What's going on?

“It seems like he's been visiting the gym often.”

“The gym? Why?”

“I heard that he is going to face some gang…”

“Speaking of which, he has band-aid on, no.”

“Scary…”

I pricked my sensitive ears to eavesdrop on the girls who moved slightly away from their seats. Gangs?

“Hey, wait! It seems like he took some white powder too, right?!”

“Wah, d-dangerous!”

That's just stomach medicine. It's all that girl’s fault that I’m suffering. I hope that she doesn’t eat cup ramen at night anymore. She never finishes it, leaving the room reeking of it. Also, she guzzles down an entire carton of Koala's March every day.

“….Tch.”

I subconsciously let out a grumble, scaring the girls who left their seats

I then look over at them instinctively, and they begin to shiver. What do I do know?

I let out a little cough to vent a little of my sadness, and took out my notebook.

According to the report from the me yesterday, there wasn’t anything major going on,

**“Ahahaha. You're enjoying it right? Moe!”**

After such a random opening, it's probably her thoughts about a TV Drama. Since the content doesn't seem important, I simply browsed through it.

Suddenly, my gaze stopped at the last sentence.

**“Hey, why aren’t you making friends?”**

“Why indeed?”

I reckon that Hikari Yumesaki has never faced problems in socializing. That's why she asked such a question.

By the way, this isn't not her first time asking this question, but the sixth.

The first time,

**“Why aren’t you making friends?”** But I ignored her, and she probably got mad at me.

**“Why aren’t you making friends?”** and she continued,

**“Don’t ignore me! Make friends!”** and then it was an order

**“Wait? Instead of making friends, you prefer to make babies? You pervert!”** and then it was this,

**“Pervert pervert pervert pervert! It is still too early for you to make babies! Go make friends!”**

And last of all was this line that's beyond her usual rampage. I can tell that she's livid from this sentence. This girl probably only uses the word “hey” when she is in a foul mood. Even if it is just words, you can tell what she's thinking.

I simply think that this question is rather hard to answer, not because there's any interesting reason.

Honestly, even I feel bad having to live with this awkward atmosphere every day. All I want is a friend to talk to, let alone a close friend, but reality is always cruel.

“If there's an opportunity…”

A passive person like me wouldn’t succeed anyway. I can't get myself into it.

I avert my gaze away from the sun while it seems to be staring at me, and closed my notebook without writing anything.

“……”

What shall I do? That girl would definitely pull some kind of stunt again.

Once class ended, I left school in a hurry, tottering back to home with trepidation.

But today's different from usual.

There's someone tailing me.

Eh, wait, wait. What's going on?

If you're looking for trouble, please spare me already. Even though I look vicious, I'm actually a coward, and I'm naturally bad at fights. There was once when I was taking my bath, and my sister came in and gave me a right straight which almost made me faint. "Tell me if you're bathing!" My sister said in a huff as she left, but I'm still racking my head over it. That girl probably said something weird to her.

Back on topic, there's someone stalking me right after I left school.

That person panicked once I stopped. Every time I make a crossroad, I can hear footsteps

catching up to me. That person definitely lacks experience in stalking.

I can just run away if I want to, but that doesn't satisfy me.

Is it time for me to turn back.

It's fine, right?

If things turn out bad, I'll just show my ferocious face and scare that person off. My face is scary after all. Haha, I don't have a choice.

After comforting myself with such a pitiful reason, I turn around, stand still, and ready myself

As expected, this rookie stalker who picked me as the target starts to chase afterme. Now, take a deep breath.

And wait for the right moment—

“Who're you!! Do you want to get beaten up!!?”

“Kyah---?!”

I reveal my usual ferocious expression and the scariest voice I can muster to intimidate the stalker.

The stalker shrieked shrilly like a swallow sneezing and got knocked backwards. The stalker’s bag fell on the floor as well, several orange candy balls  starting rolling out from the stalker’s bag.

Then, I saw the most critical thing. The identity of the stalker is….

“A girl?”

The stalker's a petite girl.

And she seems familiar.

That braided girl is my classmate.

She's so petite that if not for the high school uniform she's wearing, she can disguise herself as an elementary school student. The girl fell on the floor, her braids tied at both sides of her hair swaying messily. Her pupils are rather big compared to her small face, and her eyes are teary, her milky white skin somewhat reddened. To a passer-by, such a scene will be seen as a delinquent bumping into an elementary schooler. The best proof would the glares of the old lady that passed by. Shall I run? Is escaping my best option?

“Ah, are you alright?”

“Ah!”

I was startled by her shriek.

Alright, let's run. The old hag's already making a phone call. This is bad.

Alright, first I’ll help her get up, stuff the bag into her arms. Having done all these, I turn around, intending to leave--

“Eh?”

But I immediately stop.

I felt a weak resistance from my clothes, and when I turn around to look at it, I see a small, white hand grabbing the hem of my shirt and saw a fair, small hand grabbing my shirt.

I look down the arm, and see the girl looking up at me, shivering,

“.....”

She's not speaking up, what does she want?

I can't escape even though I want tobecause she's grabbing my clothes. Left with no choice, I can only take out my handkerchief to wipe the tears off the braids girl. Speaking of handkerchiefs, I recall Hikari Yumesaki's.

**“A delinquent that brings a handkerchief with him gives off vibes of a prince☆”**

This criticism is way off point. See? Isn't it working now? The girl with braids show a bit of a smile, her shoulders shivering--huh? Is she holding in her laughter? Did I just do something stupid?

"Erm, what do you want with me?"

I cautiously ask her. Besides, this girl just stalked me and burst into tears in the first place. It's not my fault.

And at that moment, the girl, withstanding her laughter, looks extremely tense again.

"Ah, well, erm, how do I...put this..."

"..."

"Well, ye-yesterday...

Yesterday?

"T-Thank you very buch!"

Ouch! She bit her tongue badly! Speak properly, please!

And this pretty, adorable girl who bit her tongue lowers her face, blushing.

But I'm more concerned now about her mentioning 'yesterday'.

Unfortunately however, I don't know what happened yesterday.

It's definitely not something good. That girl probably did something.

"Er-erm, Sexy Dream, was it?"

"Huh?"

What's that?

"This name's beautiful, like lightning."

"Li-lightning?"

"I-It's really cool...dream..."

"Huh?"

This is getting ridiculous? Can someone please explain to me what this means exactly? What exactly is Dream?

"Th-thi-this is a gift for you...is ① okay?"

"①?"

"Well, if it's ② and ③, I'm still a high school student...I'm not...prepared physically and mentally."

It looks like she's talking about how she's going to thank me.

Though I don't really know what's ① and ②are about.

"Anyway, what's ①..."

"Yes, may I?"

This is ridiculous.

Just when I thought this.

*Kiss*

"----------"

"B-bye bye."

The girl tiptoed as best as she could, kissed me on the lips, and dashed off.

She ran off...

Running...

...

"WOOO

Anyway, I howled as I dashed through the streets, running straight for home.

Using this momentum, I did some push-ups at high speed, continuing to howl 'Nameko Nameko Nameko Nameko Nameko Nameko Nameko', followed by a German Suplex on my bolster, doing all sorts of crazy destructive things for more than 10 minutes.

I then muttered to myself as I opened the notebook.

"What did the me yesterday do!?"

Normally, I would write my words neatly within the lines of the notebook, but this is the one day I didn't care that much as I pick up the color markers beside me, scribbling all over it.

"You got to be kidding me, that idiot! That's ridiculous!!"

Anyway, that Hikari Yumesaki will definitely leave behind a sudden message, "I'm trying to prove the chances of a delinquent bumping into a pretty girl and getting kissed."

The message left by the me yesterday gave me the worst headache.

It begins with a mysterious opening I didn't understand at all.

**"Guhahahaha. You're enjoying yourself, right? Overcome by moe, right?"**

Moe

...

Like hell it is!!

"That bird-brain!"

And at night, the incident about the orange candies during the day continue to run rampant in my mind. Thanks to that, I'm all mentally tortured, and so worn out I end up sleeping early.

When I woke up, it's Thursday. As usual, I missed a day.

I slowly open the notebook with both hands, and glance through the message that girl left behind,

**"She got harassed by a delinquent, so I saved her! I told her, 'you can thank me using one of the options'**

**① A kiss**

**② A French kiss**

**③ Ehh!? The lips down there!?**

**It looks like she chose ① after all, didn't she? Isn't that moe? Don't you find it cute, Mr Virgin? You do find ③ better after all, right? But sorry about that! 'One of the Yumesakis' house rules is**

**that that thing can only be done after 18 years old!' I can't break it!"**

That was it.

And she even left behind a color pen doodle of the braids girl and a delinquent beside her, giving the pose of an inchworm, leering while he drooled.

"Haaa...seriously?"

With the red pen in hand, I scribble hard on the notebook, ostensibly trying to scar it.

**"'Tell me this important thing beforehand!'"**

And so, I added a new rule,

**"Rule number 21: Kissing is forbidden. Don't bring the ero-game choice thing into real life!"**

The rules...just keep increasing in number.

*****

And so, it's the following Monday. I don't want to go to school.

Why, you ask? It all started with Saturday.

Once I woke up, I began my habit of checking the notebook, and written on it was,

**"I told Kasumi 'why didn't you choose ②? Normally, anyone hoping to thank will choose ②, right? Do you know how much I was looking forward to enjoying it? Don't you think this ignites my imagination as a virgin? I'll wait for you in the morning next week, 'kay?' Anyway, that's pretty much next Monday, right? Write me a piece of reflection (42 words by 34 lines composition paper, write 80 to 130 papers of them."**

And so on. What words of hopeless idiocy she wrote there. Is she asking me to write a light novel?

I look for a girl called Kazumi in the class register, and found the name 'Kasumi Sanada'. Ahh, yes, I do remember this name. But leaving that aside, it feels like that Hikari Yumesaki is hoping that I get expelled or something.

"This brat's definitely bullied when she's younger..."

And written below it is,

"Anyway, this girl is soo cute!! Large breasts too!! It's alright falling into the trap, right?"

I wince as I look at this line, and sluggishly prepare to g out.

The weather's fine, and the clouds are fair.

It's too late for me to walk slowly as I have no time, so I have no choice but to run towards the campus. It's not that I'm about to be late, but I just have the feeling that she never did any revision or homework, and I'll definitely regret it if I don't hurry.

Holding my breathe, I rush up the stairs, but I sure wonder if it's God's prank on me that I just have to meet Kasumi as she walks down the stairs. Ah, this is awkward.

"Ah, morning..."

"Ah, erm, good mopping..."

She bit her tongue again. I guess she has difficulty pronouncing.

That girl's fidgeting, her cheeks red as she takes a deep breath--

"Can we d-d-do it now--?"

"Eh? N-now!? Here!?"

"Y-yes.

Wait, number ②? It's number ②?

So early in the morning, and at such a place?

"E-erm, that thing before that..."

"No! That was a lie, a joke! I'm not serious there!"

I'll definitely regret it in the future…I thought, and this good-for-nothing me quickly said,

Because it's this place.

"Eh? A lie? Eh…eh?"

"No, well, that ②…"

"②?"

"Eh? Huh? It's not ②?"

"Wh-what's that?"

Kasumi's completely baffled at my utter bewilderment.

Shit, I've been had. That girl lied to me.

Kasumi's face reddens further as she shyly lowered her head. She probably recalled what ② meant, and muttered blankly, "That's perverted…" That's moe!

"Erm, I did my best already, but this is all I can go…anyway, here!"

And so, she handed me a photo.

It's a normal, somewhat crude looking photo, and looks like it's taken with a cellphone and printed with a home printer.

It's a self-shot, and the girl covers half her face with her hand.

The semi-long black hair is moist, and gives the impression that she just had a bath.

The photo looks like it's looking down, and the way the uncovered right eye is looking up makes it look alluring.

But what I'm not sure is--

"Pajamas?"

The petite girl was wearing orange pajamas.

And several of the buttons were unhooked, so I can see the white, ample chest from the loose pajamas, the amount shown almost at the limit--

"Ah, please don't look at it. It's embarrassing..."

"Eh!? This is you!?"

I panick, my shoulders stiffening, the photo nearly falling out of my hand.

The hairstyle's changed, and her face is half covered, causing me to be unable to recognize her face. If I look closely however, it's definitely her. There's no mistake about the size of her breasts.

"Eh, but you said **'I want the photo of your biggest limit, Kasumi'**..."

"Ah, well, that's."

THAT IDIOT!

"L-let me say this beforehand. I normally will never do such a thing. It-it's because you saved me that I'm willing to do this, Sakamoto. Please don't show this to anyone else..."

Leaving aside the fact that you're saying this, even if it's normally, don't ever agree to such requests, okay!?

"But I thought it's fine to oblige to a single request. To do such a thing, and, to be seen like this..."

And then her voice got teeny-weeny soft

All I can tell here is that that girl has been bullying this poor girl.

This isn't a good thing after all, right?

It's unbecoming to make her take such a lewd photo after saving her. This photo is really outrageous, outrageous.

"Uu...erm, please keep it quickly..."

"Ha! So-sorry!"

This is bad. I just looked down at the photo instinctively.

I hastily stuff the photo into my bag. I'll just go back and think about this alluring photo later. Think about it slowly.

"Ah, yes. I have the photo of 'Sexy Dream' you gave me as my cellphone screen saver, Sakamoto. Wh-what do you think?"

"Sexy Dream?"

I do vaguely remember hearing of such a term recently, and while I'm racking my head over it, she shyly shows me the cellphone screen.

Shown on the cellphone screen is are the basic applications at the top of the screen, and shown in the background is a pervert dressed in a spunky tightsuit and a butterfly mask. That guy's giving a radiant smile with mysterious poses, looking silly all over.

Argh, is that idiot doing all these just to annoy me?

"You're unexpectedly like a kid there, Sakamoto, saving me in such a get-up...and I find it cute for some reason."

Kasumi's holding back her laughter as she looks back and forth between her cellphone and my face.

"Ah, sorry. You were Sexy Dream when you're dressed up like that, not Sakamoto."

Just call me Sakamoto. It's Sakamoto no matter how I look at it! What did you do there, Sakamoto!?

My hands are on my knees, and Kasumi's looking at me while I'm feeling troubled. The instant her eyes widens, the bell chimes,

"Ah, got to return back to class. I-I"ll be heading off first. Bye bye."

She waves her small hand at me and runs off at high speed just when I was about to call out to her, "Ahh...", and I follow her slowly.

What was that all about?

If I don't hurry and do something, something's going to happen.

With a lethargic face plastered on me, I head off the to classroom, the remaining students on the corridor making a way for me.

And immediately afterwards, I'm filled with regret.

The incident happened during lunch break.

"COME OUT NOWWW!!"

A beast-like howl echoed through the classroom, and my classmates, chit-chatting away, look up in surprise (while I'm sprawled on the table like usual, pretending to sleep to run away from reality.

"It's usual to hide now, Sexy Dream!"

Barging into the classroom and causing a ruckus are a trio of delinquents, and speaking out is a grim looking mohawk head, glaring at everyone in the classroom.

Wahh~looks like trouble's coming looking for me. I do know very well how the appearance of a delinquent is a burden to everyone. Aha.

Speaking of which, what did that guy just say?

"Wh-what're you doing here, you guys?"

The short-haired girl shorted near the door rushes towards that mohawk head, venting her disgust.

And the delinquent glares back after hearing her eyes, continuing,

"There's been a Sexy Dream guy looking for a fight with us, and he's in this class! Get out here!"

"Se-Sexy Dream?"

The short-haired girl was really terrified of that mohawk head bastard, but even she can't help but ask such a question.

Well, that's a normal reaction. "You're kidding!? Sexy Dream's in this class?" if she's to act as if that guy's really famous or something, I'll probably be troubled by that thought. It doesn't look like I'm that famous though.

"That bastard's been interfering with our attempts to woo girls every single time! If you have the guts, get out here and not ask others for help."

I see. So that's the reason why she's been gyming recently. The increasing number of wounds on me are due to this reason, I think.

And as I think about this, I feel a piercing stare, and so I look over at that side, seeing Kasumi looking very suspicious, staring intently. Don't look at me now! If this usually quiet delinquent's to suddenly stand up and say, "Ahh, looks like I got exposed. No choice but to admit it! I'm Sexy Dream!", surely everyone's going to be perturbed right? Try imagining such a scene. Or maybe not.

"W-wait. Do you have proof that Sexy...exists in this class?"

Disturbed by that ridiculous sounding name, the ponytail girl opposite the short with short hair protested with a serious look.

And in response, that mohawk bastard hissed,

"Sexy Dream himself said, 'I'm from Class 2-2 of Sakurahime High School! If you want revenge, come look for me tomorrow, three days later or five days later!' got any words about that?"

No no no.

Are you sly? Or way too honest here? Either way, you guys are really punctual.

I can only imagine the delinquents circling the dates on the calendar and plotting their revenge, and in contrast to me, the class' atmosphere got worse at the moment.

That mohawk bastard is completely infuriated as he stamped at the floor with his toes, but nobody stood up to give themselves in. Well, that's to be expected.

What do I do now? Do I turn myself in?

To me personally, this really is too troublesome and too embarrassing, so I intend to continue playing dumb. However, that mohawk head doesn't intend to give up.

Ah, goodness, guess I got no choice but to say my name out--

"Get out here, Sexy Dream! I know that you snatched that girl and petted her all you wanted!!"

.....

That idiot...

"Wow, that guy's terrible. Isn't he just a pervert."

"That Sexy Dream's really disgusting..."

"That guy definitely doesn't have any friends, right?"

"I don't want to get involved with that guy. He might as well die."

"If that guy's in our class, I'm breaking all ties with him."

...

Yeah, I lost the chance to give myself in.

"Shit, hurry up and get out--hm?"

The mohawk head looks around the classroom, and his stare lands at a certain place.

"Aren't you the chick who was with Sexy Dream?"

"A, ah, ahh..."

He was looking at none other than Kasumi.

I thought she'll be a brave girl, since she dared to talk to me willingly. However, she's still terrified of a delinquent after all, and at this point, her body's all shrunk, her eyes not daring to meet the delinquent's.

"Do you know what Sexy Dream did? Fess up! Or I'm going to take a two-shot wih you!"

After giving such a ridiculous threat, that mohawk bastard closed in on Kasumi.

The surrounding girls tried to prevent him from approaching, "HUH!?" but after an intimidating bellow by him, they backed down.

"Hey! Answer me now! What did Sexy Dream--"

The mohawk bastard reached his hand out as he threatened, and the moment he was about to place his hand on her shoulder,

"--Don't touch me!!"

Kasumi yelled as she hugged her shoulders.

That voice's filled with anger.

The entire class is silenced, and everyone's looking at her.

And in the midst of this tense atmosphere, the teary Kasumi said, her lips shaking,

"Th-the only one who can touch me is...Sexy Dream himself!!"

AHHH! That was really dangerous!

Eh, what, what happened...ehhh?

"W-Wh-WHHAAA?"

And Kasumi, seemingly trying to shake off the flustered mohawk head (and me), continue to rattle,

"B-because, Sexy Dream saved me, and embraced me tightly, and let me go after I chose ①, and, and..."

The classroom was filled with a tense atmosphere.

And?

"An-and he said, that I'm cute..."

...Ah, this bad.

That won't do.

Her face is basically a maiden in love.

That idiot girl...toying with such a pure girl.

"U, uuu...that Sexy Dream....!"

In response, the mohawk head in front of Kasumi can only groan regretfully. ANyway, there's no tension in his words, and I guess everything's all over, no?

There's an awkward atmosphere, silence filling the space.

And the one breaking this tense atmosphere is an unexpected character.

"Hey Morishita. Is this kid Sexy Dream's girl?"

The one babbling is a delinquent standing behind the mohawk bastard.

"In that case, the girl's phone probably has Sexy Dream's number, right?"

"Oh, I see. So there's still this way?"

The mohawk bastard sneers, brings his face towards Kasumi, and yells,

"Hey, hand over your phone! I'm going to call Sexy Dream right now!"

"Eh, ah, no-no way!"

"Shut up and hand over now!"

The mohawk head ignored the teary Kasumi as the latter shook her head, grabbing her bag.

Kasumi tries to resist, but the difference in arm strength is too vast. He easily snatched the bag away.

Eh. Well, this is a bad thing, right?

"H-hey, stop it! Didn't Kasumi say not to do it!?"

"Return it right now!"

The flustered girls try to stop the mohawk head, but of course, the delinquents don't care about that.

He opened the bag immediately, and browsed through the contents.

This is bad, this is bad. This is a bad development.

"Wa-wait, don't! I haven't entered his number!"

"Humph! I can tell that you're lying right from the get-go! If you're this anxious, there's definitely something going on!"

The mohawk bastard then rummaged through the stuff in the bag.

This is bad, bad, bad! I don't know she does have my number, but that girl has Sexy Dream on the screen saver! I'm revealed now, no?

"Hey, stop it, I said, don't...!"

Kasumi's breaking into tears as she says this.

Now this is getting really bad. If he sees me on the cellphone,

"Ah, found the cellphone!"

Ah...

"Stop...uu..."

Wa...

"Hm, erm, how do I use this thing again?"

....Shit...

"Morishita, you machine techbane. Just slide this to unlock."

...Why am I.

"Ohh, is that so? I'll just unlock--"

...Getting involved in such things?

"Got it. Now--"

"HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!!!!!!"

""""--!?""""

I suddenly let out a howl without thinking.

I howled.

The classmates in the room start to panic, more than when the delinquent trio entered.

This is amazing.

The most dangerous time-bomb of class 2-2, which usually remains silent, suddenly exploded. However, I have no choice but to stand up. I can't allow my identity to be revealed.

"H-hey, you mohawk head bastard! S-she told you to stop already, so...erm, just stop already, you shitty pigs! Don't touch her...with your filthy hands, y-you idiots!"

"Huuuh? Wh-what's with you, you bastard! Scram--"

"You're the ones who needs to scram, you sw-swine bastards! I'm going to beat you guys up if you don't leave!"

"Huh!? Y-you dare to shout back at me?

"Y-you wanna fight, HUH!? I-I-I'll send your head flying!? Wanna try me!?"

I'm not used to saying such taunting words, and so I'm stammering all this while.

But just when I thought I messed things up, it seems I look rather furious in this volatile situation. This is super effective.

"...Sorry."

The mohawk head, now the focal point of everyone's attention, suddenly apologizes.

I actually made such a delinquent tremble. Am I that amazing? I guess it really is, in a bad way.

I'm having conflicted feelings right now, but having snatched back the cellphone, I take a heave, and let out a final roar.

"Don't you ever let me see you again! If you dare do anything to anyone in our class, erm, well...I'll mess you up real good!"

"Y-yesss!!!"

And so, those delinquents scamper out of the classroom.

And the stares in the class gather on me.

And then, there were my silent classmates.

And then, and then...

"...Now, am I going to die?"

Leaving these words behind, I dash out of the classroom.

This is bad. This is bad.

There's no salvaging this situation now, is there? The atmosphere in the classroom is really awkward. I'm doomed! My life's going to end! Hyaha! Ahh...!

Having given up on this shitty me, I just put in the crazy words "Hyaho! Spinach!" that appeared in my weird mind inside the notebook, and in my euphoria, I start playing fighting games so furiously that I end up sleeping without realizing it.

Sorry, Hikari Yumesaki.

The armor of Sexy Dream is too heavy for me.

*****

Two days later, the day arrived mercilessly.

The lousy BGM rang, and I open my eyes in melancholy, immediately grumbling,

"Don't change the alarm on your own will like that..."

And at the same time, the memories two days ago awoke in me.

I chased away the delinquents who barged in so terrifyingly, and this chain of events shocked every one of my classmate.

Thinking about that alone causes me to blush. I'm really doomed now. Wahahaha.

I collapse on the bed, burying my face in the pillow, and climb out of the blanket like a lazy, wilted garlic chives. I then spotted that this.

"Dammit..."

The notebook's standing upright on the desk.

And there's a useless ribbon tied around it, even a flower added.

Just seeing this alone is enough for me to imagine the sight of that girl snickering away as she placed the book.

**"Sakamoto wwwww Sakamoto wwwwwww Saakaamootoo wwwwwwwwwwwwwwww"**

"This bitch...!"

The moment I open the notebook, I see the words that made me anxious right from the beginning.

**"I heard everything from Kasumi there, and posted on the internet 'Ah, he came out~! Out comes the true nature of the delinquent who gets ostracized by his classmates!' All that's left is to wait for the responses!"**

That bitch's now showing how happy she is, and it's all infuriating words at the back. Feeling completely enraged, I slam the book shut.

I switched on the computer, and found that she really posted such a thing, flaming and causing quite the intense discuss. Haha, "Where's the OP?", there was such a response. Just wait for it, she'll be back tomorrow."

"Spare me already. Is my life going to be such a mess every day…?"

I wonder what happened to the awkward atmosphere in class the previous day?

Looking at how agitated she is, I'm definitely involved in some frustrating situation.

While on the way to school, I try to cheer myself up, thinking quietly, "Maybe nobody minds at all?" or "maybe everyone forgot about it after a day." Once I reach school however,

"A living delinquent is just trash!"

I got the above conclusion, and trudge over to the classroom unhappily. Well, whatever. I've been ostracized all this while anyway.

I feel that the classroom door's heavier than usual, probably because it's my psychological state, and I lower my head as I barge into the classroom.

And then, unexpected words ring at my ears,

"Ah, go-good morning, Sakamoto!"

"...Huh?"

I blurt out a dumbfounded cry.

Wait, what was that just now?

I widen my mouth, like my lower jaw's dislocated, and the chatting girls greet me tensely one after another.

"Good morning, Sakamoto."

"Mo-morn, Sakamoto!"

"Good morning, Sakamoto, ehehe..."

"Eh? Ah, mo-morn...ing..."

I stammer in response.

I don't know what's going on, but the girls are smiling at me.

Th-this is?

The earth-shattering fact that there are people greeting me has filled up most of my brain's internal memory, but I still barely manage to make my way to my seat. Anyway, let's put the bag and sit down--

"Ah, Sakamoto. That's not your seat."

"Eh?"

A guy seated beside me said, and I notice on a closer look, this isn't my table. Is there a change of seats?"

"C-come here now, Sakamoto! There's someone waiting for you"

Another girl at the other end hurriedly chime in, pointing at the middle of the classroom.

Standing over there is--

"Go-good mourning."

She bit her tongue again.

Kasumi lowers her head, and her already red face is flushed further.

The seat right beside that girl is undoubtedly mine.

No way.

"Come on, hurry up and have a seat. We swapped seats yesterday, and you're sitting with Kasumi. Ufufu."

There comes another assist, filled with some laughter, from the other end of the classroom.

There's snickering all over the classroom, and Kasumi's face so red I wonder if she has a fever.

"But you were really amazing yesterday, Sakamoto!"

"Yeah, you ran to the office, and yelled at the teacher in charge, 'what are you guys thinking, letting a delinquent loose in school?'. That was so cool."

"Though the teacher did retort back, 'You're the biggest delinquent here!' Haha."

"You're really a nice guy, Sakamoto, aren't you. S-sorry about being scared of you up till this point."

"It was interesting when we're swapping seats. You said something like 'got to sit with Kasumi...'. Ahaha, since you're hoping for it that much, we might as well give it to you!"

"Since you've declared your love interest that much, we can only give up on her, no~~"

And then, there's all sorts of praises and teasings in the classroom, aimed at me.

Erm...well.

"Sakamoto...?"

"Yeah, hm?"

Kasumi's voice came from behind.

Everyone in class is staring at us, and the atmosphere's filled with tension and curiosity.

In this relatively awkward atmosphere, she stares at my face, and says,

"Th-thank you for what happened two days, a-ago..."

"Ah, no, I should be the one thanking you..."

I inadvertently lower my head, giving a bow.

"Ah, I-I'll help take your bag..."

She takes my bag in a motion one can only describe as a young wife showing concern for a husband returning from work. Her feet aren't stable however, probably because she's so nervous. Ah, she's stumbling...

"Ah!"

"Watch out!"

Hey! I said it's dangeorus already!

Kasumi trips over without any warning, moving like a bumbling kid. And then, I inadvertently reach out and grab her body--

"Ah!"

"A-are you already?"

Cradling her.

And so, our eyes met.

"Ah."

"Aaa..."

And, and--

"""""""Kyaaaaahhhhh--!!!"""""""

The girls in the class scream. Damn it! This is bad!

"Wow! Good job, Kasumi! Not bad at all!"

"What now, what now? Hey, Kasumi? Did you lean over? You leaned your breasts over at him, right?"

"Kasumi! Your objectve yesterday is complete!"

And the surrounding onlookers let out a roar of hurrah. Ah, that's enough already! Don't do this to us!

"Th-that's not it! I just grabbed her!"

"Th-th-th-th-th-that's not it...! What are you saying, everyone! S-sorry,S-Sakamoto!"

The atmosphere in our class is boiling over, and the two of us can only try our best to defend ourselves.

"Th-that's enough already! It's a misunderstanding! Just a coincidence! You're mistaken!"

Kasumi, struggling out from my clutches, can only franctically explain to our classmates that it's all a mistake, and I'm left showing a blank look. Because, well, there's still the fragrance of a young girl left within my clutches, far more addictive than my imagination...

"So-so-sorry, Sakamoto! I-I was the one who messed it all up! Sorry!"

And both of us are seated side by side in the middle of the classroom, with warm cheers from our classmates around us. Ugh, this is too embarrassing...why did things end up like this...Kasumi's definitely feeling troubled now, right? I continue to nag non-stop,

"...Everything's going to plan...now...to play...dumb..."

"Hm, wh-what? What are you saying?"

"Hm? It-it-it's nothing! Nothing at all! Don't mind!"

And then, she continues to mutter some stuff for the entire day, trying to talk to me from time to time while biting her tongue. Whenever she talks to me, the atmosphere is the classroom livens, but this situation really is weary to me.

Well, as long as it's not be being hated, I guess.

Class ended, and once I reached home, I opened the notebook, scanning it,

I did see it in the morning, but there's a message written at the bottom of the notebook.

**"You did it, hero."**

"...Goodness."

I can only let slip such a warm voice.

Biting my lips to hold in my smile, I cough to no one in particular, and write on the notebook.

**"I did it, hero."**

It's Thursday tomorrow, and it'll be Friday the next time I wake up.

For some reason, I'm looking forward to it.

## CUT 4

# Today, I have a date. Honestly, I'm feeling tense

It's been a month and a half since I started cohabiting together with Hikari Yumesaki.

I, gradually used to living with her, is able to live a steady life without any troubles...NOT! I understand that at least, okay?

"What in the world am I doing..."

It's the Sunday in the latter half of May.

But right now, I'm involved in volunteer work to clean up the area.

"Well~, it's an unexpected improvement to see young people willing to take part in such activities! You're a nice chap even though you have such a scary face~!"

The old man of the town council is saying such words to me, and I don't know if he's praising me or deriding me.

"Hey, old man! Don't throw rubbish around like that!"

"Eekk! So-sorry!"

Not too far away from me is an unbelievable act unfolding. A gang of delinquents with all kinds of dyed hair, dressed in jumper suit, were holding rubbish bags and cleaning the trash in the drain. They're the delinquents led by that mohawk head, and one of them was yelling at one of the misbehaving passers-by, but well, whatever.

"Why did it end up like that?"

I let out a grumble, but I do understand how it all ended up like this.

Hikari Yumesaki.

It seems that girl doesn't like to see me get frowned upon by our neighbors, and has been going around, doing volunteer work on the streets. Because of that, my already halved weekend is gradually whittled down. It's not like she's doing any bad thing this time around however, so it's hard for me to grumble about anything.

"Mr Sakamoto! The trash here has been cleaned!"

"Oh, gotcha. Go help the old grannies over there."

"Roger that!"

The mohawk head answers enthusiastically, and runs over to the group down there.

For some reason, that guy ended up being my lackey, and whenever we meet, *"Good job there!"* he would yell to me. I'm not a member of the yakuza, I tell you!

On a side note, I once tried to ask what he intended to do after harassing the girls, and then he answered, *"I'll put the two shot with the girl as a screen saver, and enjoy myself all the way!"* well, that was quite a weak wish. I want ①, ① , I tell ya.

Right now, the mohawk head's being ordered around by the old grannies, completely busy, and I look away from such a meaningless sight and lift my head to look at the sky. The sky is clear, with no cloud to be seen, but I let out a sigh.

The reason? Of course, it's all her.

Hikari Yumesaki.

I thought she would calm down after a while, but her random acts are changing and increasing in scale, and her actions the past few days has completely wrecked my reputation.

The winning contributions Sexy Dream does increases every two days, and I feel myself getting stronger. It's likely that she's been training.

And as for other aspects, my social circle's starting to expand, and the number of girl addresses recorded in my cellphone is gradually increasing. Thus, I'm getting some anonymous messages every day.

For example,

**"Let's go buy some clothes."**

**"Let's go for karaoke!"** There were all sorts of such messages.

I checked through my sent mail.

**"I want to have a duet with Mii! Kiss☆"**

And I found such a vexing message. Now this is really scary. Anyone will be scared and run away if they're to receive such a message from a scary looking delinquent.

Also, she's been dolling up my room little by little (but never cleans it up), and she's going way too perfect dealing with my hairs (even the leg hairs). I received some damn big package once, and found that it was the bolster of an anime girl (and she even brought it out brazenly to sundry, causing me public execution.) There's all sorts of other things that caused my image to crash.

Ah, on a side note, that whiteboard puzzle of hers is still going at a snail's pace, but it's at least proceeding in the right direction. Right now, the words written on that puzzle are,

**"I do feel embarrassed if it's panties, but not if it's swimsuits!"**

What in the word is that girl thinking?

Also, it seems the number of male friends has increased.

**"When discussing about erotic topics with guys, what sort of character am I supposed to be?"**

Anyway, I wrote down, "Try being a macho guy."

**"But are you still macho after seeing such erotic anime?"**

And this came out of nowhere. It's a failure on my part to let her know of that anime folder's existence.

--And so, my life's having drastic changes over the days.

"Hikari Yumesaki?"

My mind starts to imagine the face of this girl I have never met, and for some reason, I see a pretty girl with a dazzling face, and because of this I can only shake my head hard to let it disappear. Don't think about it! I don't care how she looks! We can never meet anyway.

I mutter quietly to myself as I pick the empty cans in the drain using the tongs, stuffing the garbage fiercely into the bag.

*****

**"Kasumi is so cute!! Very very super very!"**

And on that day, such words were written.

**"You've been mentioning Kasumi a lot recently."**

The morning sun is getting brighter by the moment, and I narrow my right eye while writing in the notebook.

My classmate Kasumi.

It seems that my interaction with her has been increasing recently.

It's one that that we end up sitting side by side together and end up chatting with each other more other, and also, we start exchanging messages more often. I don't know if she has any animals she likes, but my mail messages is filled with a large number of adorable penguins or hamsters. Such mails are really cute, befitting of a girl. On a side note, my sent mail contains shit and caterpillar pictures, and I really wonder, are you an elementary school kid? I really can't imagine both of you to be girls. Learn some common decency, you!

And also, Kasumi would make lunch boxes for me, so we're having our meals together with everyone giving us warm stares.

**"I wanna eat you--ah, no, the bento you make~!"**

And there seemed to be a moment when Hikari Yumesaki blurted out such nonsense. I can be sued for sexual harassment! Don't act like it has nothing to do with you!

And thanks to that, the other guys in my class are giving me raging looks. "Are you going out? Are you going out with Kasumi?" Even the girls are giving me beams of interrogative stares that whittle down my HP everyday.

**"You really like her, huh?"**

And today's notebook topic is basically about Kasumi, with her writing.

**"A petite body's cute!"**

**"Kasumi's two side ups look so moe--!"**

**"Gym clothes + Marathon + Girl sweet + Breasts = Attack of the large breasts!"**

**"So soft! I found them really soft after she let me rub them."**

**"I so wanna push her down!"**

Huh...

".....Eh?"

Let me...rub...?

....

"HUUUUUUHHHH!!?"

Wait! Wait a sec!

What did you just say!? Le-le-let me rub!?

"That idiot! What did she do!?"

My groggy mind was instantly sober.

That dumb airhead! How can she do such a thing!

And in my panic, I continue to read,

**"That's just a joke, heh. During the mixed volleyball match, when the ball was spiked down at her, her breasts just swooshed like the wind! It's interesting, so I tried hitting her a few times! She seems somewhat embarrassed, but not completely. (Eyes sparkles)."**

No, that's bad enough already! Be careful next time!

And below it, she writes,

**"Kasumi's not too bad herself. Her breasts are large, and her legs were all silky now."**

"What's with the 'were'!!? Why the past tense!?"

Hikari Yumesaki probably expected me to retort back at this point, and she gives me an explanation in the notebook.

**"Guhehehe. Let me teach you something to the pretty and innocent you, Sakamoto. That sort of girl has no resistance to**

**being harassed, and she has a sexual desire much more than an ordinary person. Everyone has their own needs, so you don't have to worry about being sued!"**

"Enough already, you idiot..."

My eyes continue to wade through the the diary,

**"And you're like the character of a light novel I really like, Sakamoto. That's why there's definitely no problem here!"**

"What has that got to do with this?"

What sort of expression am I supposed to show when I go to school?

I can hear the chirpings of the sparrows from the window, and it sounds like the BGM of a trip to Hell.

Ahh, I don't feel like going to school.

"Go now when nobody's around."

"B-but, but if I get rejected..."

"It's fine! Summon your courage!"

The hypnotism-like classes during the warm season was over, and it's now after school.

Not interested in partaking in any club activities, I intend to head home like usual. Right now however, there's a tremendous power obstructing my footsteps.

The reason for that is the girls not too far away from me.

"Hey, Kasumi, hurry up! Or Sakamoto's going home, you know?"

"It's alright!"

"Fight!"

There has been a recent trend of light novel and manga protagonists oblivious to the feelings of girls, and are extremely popular for some reason. Unfortunately, this despicable Sakamoto has a sensitive personality and ears like what women have, and I'm in a dilemma now that I eavesdropped on their conversation. Do I go home now, or do I stay? if you want to come to me, hurry up now. I've been trying to buy time, staring at the meaningless chain mails on my cellphone all this while, or taking out and putting in the textbooks, but I'm soon at my limit here. It's hard to pretend not to hear it.

"Alright, just go now!"

"Awawah!"

I glance at the girls from the corner of my eyes, and it seems they decided to push her.

And the petite girl who was pushed out stumbles towards me.

Her eyes are bouncing around quickly like a jumping spider, her face a bright beetroot.

"Hm? What's the matter?"

Anyway, let's just talk to her.

"Ah, erm, ar-are you going home now?"

"Y-yeah."

"Th-then, can, we go home...together...?"

"Ah, sure..."

What's with this embarrassing conversation?

After finishing this sweet, sour template of a conversation, we quickly leave the classroom with the few girls watching us with dazzling lights. We then endure the curious stares of those behind us as we walk to the shoe cabinet. "Sorry..." Kasumi then apologizes to me, and she looks exceptionally adorable.

Now I think I'm starting to realize why she's attracted to this girl.

And now, having left school, we're resting in the park.

Kasumi said to me, "My friends say the ice cream here is nice..." giving me an unreliable pitch, and so we bought cups of ice cream from the shop, seated at the bench.

The sunset's warm, but the breeze was cold.

And the ice cream was exceptionally cold. Anyway, I'm freezing now.

It's a wrong choice to buy ice cream now, right? I wondered as I watch the strolling now. Anyway, is this situation right now a date? Hey dog, tell me.

"An-and then, my big sister, well..."

Kasumi has been trying her best to talk to me, but she stammers a lot because she's very tense, and I can't hear half of what's she's saying. I already have the fatal flaw of not being able to communicate well with others, but what do I do in such a situation?

"I-in such a situation, ah...choose."

A cute sneezing sound reaches my ear.

Speaking of sneeze, there was once when I had a band-aid on my forehead, so I asked Hikari Yumesaki if she had a fight.

**"I sneezed too hard and hurt myself."**

And then, that was her reply to me.

Goodness gracious. Even if you're an old man, you wouldn't be sneezing yourself that hard.

"..."

In such a moment, a man has to put a jacket on her after all.

I try my best to reach and unhook my jacket buttons, but I can't do it because my hands' all frozen. Damn it.

"Ah..."

It would be great if Kasumi didn't notice me trying to remove my jacket. Unfortunately for me, it seems she did.

I was extremely worried over the buttons I can't, and right now, with Kasumi staring at me so worriedly, I'm becoming much more hasty than before, unable to remove it. Ah damn it, it's so embarrassing I wanna die! Some people say that two rookie lovebirds should not be together, and this is a classic example. It'll be better if one side is a little dim-witted with regards to this, but why is it that both sides are so sensitive?

"Wear this now."

After 2 minutes of intense battle (with both of us silent!) I at least manage to remove my jacket and put it on Kasumi's shoulders.

"Th-thank you..."

She shyly look at me for an instance, and thanked me. Looks like my hard work has paid off.

However,

"Hachoo!"

I'm cold!

I'm damn cold because I'm only wearing a T-shirt!

And when I look closely at my shirt, I find a really unglam design of 'Udon Alien' (TN: original is うどん星人, based on the Vocaloid song, Udon Udon Galaxy, I think)  on my shirt. She's the only person who would have bought such a thing, and I'm freezing AND embarrassed right now! What do I do now?

"...Eh?"

While I'm panicking, something unexpected happened.

"...Nnn..."

Someone's leaning onto my frozen body. Of course, it's not just anyone, it's Kasumi.

To be honest, a girl of her size won't cause much effect at all, but in other sense, I feel a lot warmer in other areas. Or rather, hot!

"Thanks..."

It feels weird for me to be thanking her, but I had to say something as it'll be awkward if I don't do that.

Not good. This girl's fragrance is very nice...

"Sakamoto, have you been training your body?"

"Well, s-sorta."

"I see..."

And then, both of us end up in quite the awkward silence.

This isn't good. My heartbeat's becoming erratic. Am I dying? Am I going to die?

"I-I always misunderstood you, Sakamoto."

"Hm?"

The girl places her head at my chest and she continues to whisper,

"I always thought you were cool, scary, and well, that you're not a good person."

"Hm, ahh..."

Well, whatever.

I'm gradually getting integrated with the class, but I was once a delinquent completely ostracized by others. It's to be expected that Kasumi would have such thoughts, and she's definitely scared of me, I guess.

"But that's not the truth. You're actually a strong-willed, reliable, courageous person, Sakamoto. You're really tall, really handsome, interesting, and sometimes adorable. Though you may be a bit of a pervert, I don't mind, and..."

She's saying some unexpected phrases, but I guess it's better for her to stop. If this keeps up, it'll definitely evolve into crazy ramblings.

"I didn't know that you were such a wonderful person, Sakamoto...so, well..."

Kasumi right now is heaping praises of what she thinks about me.

Wonderful...huh?

"No, this isn't really...Sakamoto?"

"Yeah. I didn't know I'm like this."

This me, at least.

I'm ostracized by the class, didn't have any friends, and was seen as a troublemaker by my neighbors.

I never once thought before this that I, ever the lonely person, would be able to become a hero.

"That person's really amazing."

"Sakamoto?"

Kasumi peeks over at me, showing an uneasy look, and this cause me to recover.

Ah shucks, I'm thinking about some strange things.

"Ah, s-sorry. It's nothing."

"I-is that so?"

And after that, we continue to chat away in such a silly manner like before. The sky got darker, and we decide to go home.

When I'm about to head home, Kasumi whispers a few words saying, "Always..." and I tilt my head in bafflement, showing a worried look. "Bye bye..." Kasumi then shows a disappointed look as she says this, and heads home.

What's with that? The last 'give and take...' whatever she said at the end really has me curious.

*****

**"It's a need to train for fashion! Leader!"**

"Yes."

Two days later. A day breezed by without a hitch.

Hikari Yumesaki continues to write a lot of infuriating things on the notebook with her usual agitated attitude and arrogant tone.

**"You dare say such a thing buying that kind of T-shirt?"**

To be honest, this person's sense of beauty is not to be trusted at all.

I look at the little items that's been increasing in numbers from time to time, and to my regret, I find that her tastes are far different from mine.

It's the same when she said she wanted to buy an indoor plant; she hesitated, wondering if she's going to buy a Cactus or a Cassava, and for some reason, ended up buying Parsley. I really can't wrap my head around this. What? To eat it? That you can eat it once it grows? I really hate parsley though.

And I continue to write down refusing words as I thinking, and two days later, I end up seeing an unexpected reply,

**"No way! Girls won't bother with you if you don't dress yourself up, you know? You're handsome here, have confidence!"**

"..."

Eh, really?

It feels like I'm reading too much into her words.

No, I'm not really reading too much into it.

What she wrote next was, **"you're ranked second to me in regards to those who cause hearts to flutter, Sakamoto!"**, Why is it such a ranking that makes me ticklish?

I look over at the sofa, and there's a suit she prepared.

Left at the top of them all is a note stating, "I've come up with a plan to make you handsome, Sakamoto! If you follow it, you'll definitely become famous as a pair of pretty siblings! I bought your little sister's clothing too, so make her wear it!" On a closer look, I found a Western dress placed next to it.

"Well, since she bought it..."

I do feel cheated here, but since she specially bought it for both of us, I don't think it's a good thing not to wear it, so I decided to put it on anyway. These are summer clothes.

"Huh? Not too shabby, isn't it?'

Unlike what I expected, I don't find myself looking too bad when I look at myself in the mirror, dressed in a suit. It feels like I can do anything as long as I want to. Also, Hikari Yumesaki, why did you buy that kind of shirt when you have such sense?

"Hehe, feeling all better now."

I'm not exactly the fashionista type, but after this getup, I just feel somewhat refreshed, and this isn't actually a bad thing. I try to pose around like a model *shining*! Haha, you really can be a model there, Akitsuki Sakamoto!

"Oh yeah, Yukiko also has one."

Recalling this, I pick up the dress meant for my sister, and dart out of the room, fleet-footedly.

That brat's not too bad herself, and if she's to doll up a little, she'll definitely look cuter. It'll be refreshing to see my sister looking rather cute.

"Hey, Yukiko! You got time?"

Maybe I'm getting too excited here.

"Nnn...uuu...ahhnn..."

"I'm going in……huh? what?"

And because of that, I was completely careless.

"More……don't..."

"...What's with those sounds?"

I prick my ears, hearing the voices from my sister's room.

"Mmm...over there...don't.....ahhh..."

"Are you making a call? Whatever."

And as I just said, I was completely careless.

I left these warning sounds on deaf ears, place my hand on the doorknob without hesitation, and opened the door.

And then, I saw it.

Yes--

My little sister's lying on the bed, half-naked while her face's flushed red, drooling for some reason, her armpits exposed as she gives an alluring look while skyping--!

"Again, how many times must I say this!? This is the scene when 'Akihoshi' gets violated by the male childhood friend! It's an important scene, and the illustration has to be well done here!"

My little sister, now lying in front of the computer, hasn't noticed me as she continue to growl angrily,

"That's not it. I need more...anyway, it's not lewd enough! I want to be more perverted! This light novel is based on such an ideal! Why don't you understand!?"

And then, my sister continues on in such a state,

"Seriously, your lack of comprehension is the same as usual! I'll give you a proper demonstration, so listen up! On page 72, there! This is the most important scene! This is the scene where it has to be more like this, Akihoshi's clothes are torn off, the armpits spread wide, looking extremely lewd, going 'hnnng, ahhhnnn❤ ' while being forcefully kissed by the childhood friend and embraced tightly--WOOOOAAHHHHH!? B-brother!? When did you enter!?"

"S-sorry...for interrupting you..."

Now that my sister has noticed me, I inadvertently hold onto the new dress as I take a step back.

"Wait, brother! You're mistaken! Hey wait!"

"No, it's fine! I don't know what's going on, but it's fine!"

"Wh-what are you saying!? That's not it--"

"Anyway, sorry!"

"Bro--"

--BAM!

Without hearing any of her explanation, I close the door, and return back to my room, putting on normal clothes.

I guess height is most important when it comes to dressing smartly.

And so, I waited till 2 days later, seeing a message written in my notebook, **"why am I getting a weird message from your little sister? Did something happen?"** and so, I hurriedly fish out my cellphone to look, seeing this message,

***"That's not the case! The illustrator's comprehension is too weak, so I had to use skype to explain! That guy's an idiot either way! I'm not getting high on my own! Don't be mistaken!"***

Like hell I know.

And so I put on my high school uniform nonchalantly. Hm, school uniforms are the best after all. No flaws at all.

And then, this happened on a different day.

"It wasn't like this yesterday! Erm, I was requested by my older sister! I don't have any interests in that sort of thing!"

The moment I was about to go to school, Kasumi was explaining this frantically to me.

Yesterday again?

"Eh, ah…(did something happen) well, it's fine either way, no? I don't really care."

It feels like I've been starting to get confused recently.

"I-it's good that you understand…hm…please don't look forward to it…"

Kasumi's panting furiously, but looks like she's relieved now.

However, it seems she just thought of something again as she lowers her head, fidgeting as she twiddles her fingers, continuing on,

"S-Sakamoto, do you have, that sort of interest…?"

"Eh? Ah, ah…"

Damn it. Not this kind of vague question again. Looks like I have to make a gamble here.

"Hm, well, I guess I do, I do."

How about that?"

"Eh? Y-you do?"

Huh? Did I fail this time?

"I-is that so? So you do have such interests...Th-then I guess I do too..."

"Then?"

"It-it's nothing! Nothing at all! Please don't worry!"

And after saying this, she ran off.

"What's with her this time?"

And so, I write this incident down on the notebook.

Two days later, the reply was--

**"I was browsing around at the AV corner, and met Kasumi over there coincidentally."**

"HEEEEEEYYYYYY!? Such an awkward moment actually happened!?"

This is no trivial matter here!

**"Kasumi was looking very suspicious.**

***--That's not it! I'm here on request of my sister! My sister's a huge pervert here!*...she was saying such a vague testimony over and over again, not looking like she'll admit.**

**However, I told her, *'I wonder if that round shaped circular saw is a weapon used for murder'* and so she desperately tried to had that weapon. The way she did it was really cute cute, so I decided to take off immediately and arrest this culprit. If you wanna know where that murder weapon is, give me some Koala's March."**

"That idiot woman..."

I recalled the conversation we had in the day, and could only head off to the supermarket glumly to buy some sweets.

No, I guess I'm still curious about that, no?

I've been tortured often by Hikari Yumesaki often, but there are times when I have the upper hand. Of course, those moments are few.

There was once when I was clicking my tongue, cleaning up the mess Hikari Yumesaki left behind and scattered everywhere. Below the bed, a space where I normally wouldn't notice, was a light novel.

"...Oho."

That was what I thought after reading the contents.

"T-this is...!"

I browse through a certain page of this light novel.

Written on it is,

"Erm

*'Akihoshi, let's break up.'*

*'Wh-what are you saying, Yukio!?"*

*'I know you've been fooling around with women without telling me...*

*'--!'*

*'Thank you for going out with me. Goodbye, Akihoshi'.*

*'W-wait! Hey, why are you going to the roof!? Are you planning to kill yourself!?'*

*'Sorry, but from now on, I shall be alone--'*

....Pfft...pfffffffttt...pffff..."

That sort of content's causing me to burst out laughing. No way, are you kidding me, Hikari Yumesaki?

"So that girl is into that sort of thing?"

She likes to watch late night anime with a lot of little girls in them, collects lots of moe type manga, so I do know she has interests in 2D. However, I never thought such a thing would be within her territory too.

I stare at the cover of that work with boys going beyond the level of mere friendship. The sight of the two pretty boys putting their faces together was so invigorating it's disgusting.

Yes, that is the so called BL novel.

It seems to be a serialized work, as there's an indication of the cover stating that it's the 5th volume. The obi wrapped around the book states, **BL author Yukimaru finally brings us the latest issue of a new love comedy, 'Tomorrow I will die, You will revive!'**

"Now this is getting interesting."

It's a rare thing that I'm able to catch that girl's weakness. I place the book on the table, and wrote,

**"I never thought you would have such interests (LOL). Follow rule number 4 (LOL)."**

With an overwhelming sense of triumph, I hand over the baton to the me tomorrow.

And two days later, the following excuse is written,

**"I don't really like it that much, but it's only recently that I've interest in such things. It's a trendy thing, so i just had a look. Speaking of which, this is sexual harassment, right? Don't talk about such things to a girl! Hey, you got it!? Let me tell you first, other girls normally read such things too! You really don't understand anything about what a girl values, Sakamoto! You idiot, idiot, idiot! Ah, you're still a virgin, so it's normal for you not to understand it though."**

And so, on the last page of the notebook.

**"Rule 28: Don't look into a girl's secret! At least pretend not to know about it, you idiot!"**

So there's a new rule?

I imagine the sight of her looking all red-faced, furious and embarrassed as she wrote down those words, and so I bask in my sense of superiority. Gahaha, so there are times when I can be winning, huh?

"She does have moments when she's cute, huh?"

...And well, I didn't notice that she changed the ringtone for my message cellphone, causing me a terrorist attack from my sister **'big brother, your phone'**. Well, that's another story altogether.

And on a certain day, I was unexpectedly congratulated.

**"Happy birthday! Haa--ppp--yy--- Birthhuu---daayyy!!"**

Below these words that felt revolting instead of relieving was an illustration of Kasumi kissing me. There's also a case placed on the table, and inside it is a seemingly pricey watch.

**"You won't be popular if you don't have a cool watch!**

**--Yaah, Akitsuki's watch is so cool.**

**--Ah, Kasumi, your watch isn't moving? I'll spin the spring for you.**

**--Ahh! Not there--nngghhh! Noo!**

**Really, you're a pervert, Sakamoto."**

Aren't you the perverted one?

And also, this isn't the problem.

"Today isn't my birthday."

And also, to buy this watch, she probably withdrew a lot of money from my account. This thing doesn't match the criteria of a birthday gift. Are you a rookie conman?

**"On a side note, my birthday's on July 18 (Cheers, cheers)!"**

I see. She wanted a present? I guess she's either planning quite some bit or thick-skinned herself. I look at the calendar, and found that she did draw a circle around the 18.

"Seriously, she leaves me no choice."

Since a birthday's a rare thing, I'll buy something for it. It feels like I'm being led around by her, but I get it doesn't matter now. It's a birthday that happens once every year. Also, she did leave this message behind.

**"Leaving aside that, thanks for being so kind to me all this time. I'm really happy to be with you. Let's continue to be together, Sakamoto."**

I know this doesn't suit my personality, but I still end up blushing.

"Seriously. Is she really hoping to get a present from me?"

It's more of a flattery, but it's really sneaky of a girl to simply write words like this. I know this is the case, but i'm still somewhat happy, and a little frustrated.

I let my thoughts run wild, and try putting on the watch. Oh, it's rather light. On a closer look, it's a Denmark brand. Nice watch here.

"Trash! Absolute trash!"

"Yu-Yukiko…?"

It happened on a certain afternoon.

I had returned home one day, and found that my sister was smashing the vegetables at the kitchen, with the pose of a demon king.

"That woman…Yukiko is supposed to be the only one with the right to be petted! I'll kill her! I'll definitely kill her! Uuu….my blog's getting flamed, I'm getting called an idiot on the comments section, and I'm getting replies telling me to stop…damn it!!"

Sh-she's a sicko…

I'm not sure exactly what's she flailing about, but I sense danger if I approach her at this point, so I left her as she was. I escape back to my room, and open the notebook as per habit.

**"Hmmmm~, it's not that kind of partner?"**

"What are you saying now?"

On that day, everything she wrote in the notebook was about the same thing.

As for why this is the case, I have to go back to two days ago. I was writing my diary 2 days ago--in other words, in response to Hikari Yumesaki's diary entry 3 days ago **"Speaking of which, it's a bit late, but do you have any girls that you like, Sakamoto? Do you like that girl you exchanged messages with? What do you think about her?"**

In regards to that question, my reply two days ago was, **"I don't have anyone I like, and I'm not dating that girl. We're just penpals. I didn't think of her as that kind of partner'.** Surely such a content should be fine, I guess. I'm not lying in any way, and we never contacted each other all the time.

However, I found that line right at the beginning of the notebook.

And then, the line below it was,

**"Hm--hmmm~"**

And the following line,

**"Hm-----hmmm~"** What are you wondering about here?

And furthermore, there came this offensive line,

**"A virgin. A penpal girl. 'I don't think of her as this kind of partner' (twinkle)...this is weird. This isn't like you, you lustful Sakamoto."**

Leave me alone! I'm not so desperate that I'm thinking about this!

And then, there comes this line,

**"Now then, have you been confessed to before? Ah, if I'm asking a very cruel question here, I'm sorry."**

Such a question was posed to me.

"That worry of yours is more cruel here, okay?"

I let out a sullen sigh in the room.

Normally, I would have to say 'no'.

I never actually managed to talk to a girl properly, and I feel that I won't ever get a confession in my lifetime.

But what do I write here?

Write down **"I haven't been confessed to in my life till this second year of high school"**? Now this is too embarrass.

"My lie won't be exposed, right?"

I lost to what can be said to be an unnecessary amount of pride.

**"I did, once before. But I refused."**

Such damn forced prideful words are really causing me to explode in anger. But can you understand this? Boys are all like this, right?

And so, I use this moment to slip in a question I always wanted to ask.

Nonchalantly, pretending not to be interested.

"**What about you?"**

"It should be natural, right…?"

I muttered to myself.

This girl has such a cheerful personality, and I won't be surprised if I see her aggressively pursuing one.

In that case, the chances of her having a boyfriend is--

"…"

I feel conflicted for some reason, and so I decide not to think about it.

In the end, my mind's in a haze, and I just can't get rid of that thought, so I can only force myself to sleep. Two days later, when I woke up, I immediately open the notebook hastily.

First, let's check the reply to my forced reply,

**"Once? That's somewhat unexpected."**

That's all.

…

This is...erm?

I feel that there's something wrong about it, and so i continue to read, seeing the next line at the bottom.

I take a deep breath, and open my eyes wide. The words at the bottom appear in my sight.

**"Secret (heart sign)"**

"..."

A defeated feeling arose in me, and so I write  down there, **"I'm not very interested either myself, so it doesn't matter'**. It felt forced coming from me though, so I intend to rub it off. However, I can't as it's a ball-point pen, and I really regret it.

"What am I doing here..."

Seriously, what was I doing?

"You look rather tired."

"All sorts of things happened."

"Oho, it was really intense yesterday, huh?"

"How many times have you said this."

It's a certain Tuesday morning.

Because of that idiot staying up late at night, I'm completely worn up, and I can only take a break and head to the infirmary to rest.

Higumo's dressed in a white robe, her hair tied in a ponytail as she swayed her muffler about while chatting. The way she's dressed up seems sweltering hot.

"I'm joking. Actually, you've been catching quite some attention yourself."

"Catching attention...huh?"

I stare at the ceiling, and start to think about recent events.

I had neither friends nor a girlfriend.

I was ostracized by others no matter whether I was in school, or at home, and also treated as a super delinquent in school too.

These were a thing of the past.

Right now, I still don't have a girlfriend, but there are people I can call friends in class. I never made any friends before, so I'm not too certain as to the level of friendship, which makes this depressing.

My relationship with my family is not as tense as it used to be before, and I feel that the frequency of my conversations with my little sister is increasing.

I'll occasionally hear people in the neighborhood saying *'Looks like his rebellious state is over'*, probably because I have been taking part in neighborhood volunteer work. Was I giving such an impression before this?

My situation at school is as Higumo had said. I don't really know how the teachers view me here, but I at least am really trusted by my classmates, and the proof of this is that my classmates are often asking me for help recently, or discussing matters with me. Is it right to call this prestige? I do think it's a little wrong however.

"Have I changed here?"

I inadvertently blurt out these words.

*Damn it*. I thought, but it seemed Higumo didn't hear me. In an instant, she vanished from me. Huh? Where did she go?

"Capture success."

"Woah!?"

At the moment I realize the voice's coming from

Higumo getting on me in a horse-riding position while I'm lying on the best, pressing on my chest.

Wait--don't do this in a miniskirt...! Your cleavage's open...!

"You won't be able to move now. Hoho. Where are you looking?"

"I-I'm not..."

This person seriously needs to be educated.

Seriously, and speaking of which, when has she been this interested in me? She's the only one who showed me any form of goodwill at first. Such a strange fellow.

"...This teacher here is worried about you, you know?"

"Huh?"

What's she saying out of a sudden? What's with this development? And speaking of which, get off me now.

"Hey, Akitsuki? Is this teacher fine with you? This teacher's glad to do so if it's you. This teacher will, keep this, a, se-cr-et."

"I say, why such a development? Enough already."

"You don't wanna?"

"No."

"Really?"

"Really."

"You're lying."

"Yeah, it's a lie."

An annoying silence descend of the silence, somewhat mixed with the noises from the field.

Shit, what's with this? Why's she giving such a skeptical look?

"Akitsuki, you're too much of a good guy. This teacher understands this very well. You would always worry about others all this time. It feels like you subconsciously show no care regarding your life, saying 'please have it' and handing it over. Isn't it better to just live your life as it is?"

"..."

I want to say something, but I can't refute her points. I'm such an honest person after all.

I'm a person who's willing to give up half my life here. I too think that I'm a good guy.

"Are you the type of person who'll follow every single command the girl you like gives?"

"Such a thing isn't--"

And I have a little regret over the averting of my eyes.

"That braids girl?"

"...I don't know."

Higumo licks her index finger as she asked me this.

I continue to search for all sorts of excuses, but it seems that I'll end up more susceptible, so I decide to remain silence for now. Just give already, you.

"It's not always a good thing to obey the one you likes. if you decide your true thoughts, you'll regret this for the rest of your life. Regret is a punishment for not working hard, and the burden of guilt is too much for a short human lifespan to handle. Especially when it comes to a certain person--"

"..."

Higumo stares right into my eyes, seemingly saying such words to someone else.

For some reason, her words seem similar to what that guy said, or maybe it's just me.

"Well, hoho, aren't you quite cute.

And then, Higumo--

"Nnn..."

Chu.

"Too bad. This is all this teacher can say right now. Bye then."

Higumo uses her moist index finger to wipe around my lips, and slowly leaves me. At the same time, she releases her body from me.

"Also, I do find you more handsome with shorter hair."

Leaving these words behind, she heads out of the infirmary. I can only let out a sigh at that white figure...well, whatever.

"...Is she, serious..."

The moist finger lingers a sweet, cold touch on my lips.

Such a touch fuddled my heart, and I inadvertently gulp.

Having returned from school, I reach my room, change clothes, and look at the notebook.

I'm a little more frantic than usual this morning, so I left my notebook at home. This is the first time I'm opening this notebook.

I guess there isn't anything important written inside.

**"[Virgin report!] I just witnessed Kasumi buying some Gomu GomO fruit at the drugstore today!! Just a step more! We've finally made it this far! I'm going to be the Pirate Queen!"**

"Did she just write some incredible thing there------!?"

You're kidding me, right?

No, this is, ehhh!?

Wait, wait, calm down now. This may be a joke on Hikari Yumesaki's part. Calm down now!

For some reason, it seems that Kasumi has been weirder than usual today…

And the girls' eyes are dazzling when they look at me…

…

"AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

I don't know anymore! Forget about it! Forget about it all!!

In my excitement, I end up running one round around the streets, and once I got to my room, I did the JSDF's menu of abs training, did handstands, shouting 'shimeji shimeji shimeji shimeji!!' creating a ruckus until my mind finally reverts back to normal. Calm down, calm down now. it's not time to panic yet. Stop boxing the lights switch already. Enough already, me!

After exerting the excessive energy within me, I again flip through the notebook.

**"Recently, everyone's been asking me 'what kind of girl do you like'? I think it's better that Sakamoto and I share the same interests, right? Anyway, I just said big breasts, white skin, big breasts, petite body, big breasts, twintails, moe, is that okay?"**

"Aren't you just talking about that girl?"

It's a rare thing that this girl actually asks for what I ask.

I guess she's playing it safe this time because it also concerns Kasumi.

"My type?"

I wonder once again.

As for what I can see...well, I'm not so particular about that.

A cute girl is fine, but the important thing is the inner heart. The appearance is just a decoration after all. I can't say that a terrifying appearance requires a different treatment. No way.

I rub my sweat away, and continue to ponder.

if it's personality, I guess I prefer a cheerful girl after all.

It's best if it's an enthusiastic girl who can drag this unenthusiastic me around.

As for other aspects, I don't think it's a bad thing if that girl's personality is stubborn, or that she'll pay any particular mind to the mind. Perhaps a feisty personality is fine after all. As for being a prankster...

.....

.....

...

"What am I thinking of here!? Pull myself together, man!"

I yell as I slam my head against the table.

It's a mistake, a mistake here, i say! That's not supposed to be the case!

"Damn it, damn it, this has to be a lie, right...?"

For some reason, I can see Higumo's smirk in my mind, and I again shake my head. Ah, that's enough already. Somebody just kill me already! Nobody has a gun around!?

After going rampant for quite a while, I leap to the bed.

*--I didn't know that you were such a wonderful person, Sakamoto*

Kasumi's words is engulfing my mind.

Am I serious? Am I seriously serious here!?

"I never noticed it. That person--"

Was, was so--

*****

**"Confession's----------here!!!!! It's here!!! It's here------!!!"**

Waking up earlier due to the alarm clock set earlier than usual, I find the room still in darkness.

Is that so,

"Oh..."

For some reason, I find myself letting out this sound.

Continued on the notebook is,

**"Kasumi said to me 'please go out with me'! And I said 'I want to make a serious answer, so please wait for a day'!! I've done my prep here here!! it's up to you now! Make your firm decision!!"**

The words are dazzling, looking excited.

And right below it are the words,

**"I've already cut your fingernails."**

"..."

I already understood from the emotions in the word.

That girl wrote such words with such a happy feeling.

But because of this, I--

I called Kasumi over to an empty classroom.

It's after school, and the sunset fills the campus.

It's the warm, warm orange that girl likes.

The performance of the wind instrument club can be heard from afar, and mixed amongst them is a breaking sound of sunset.

Surely this is unmendable now.

"Sorry, I can't go out with you."

This line is a lot easier than I thought, even I was shocked by it.

My heart was pounding so loudly, my ears were ringing, and my entire body was rampaging for some reason.

"...No."

"Sorry."

But the unexpected thing is that Kasumi did not avert her eyes.

She's not crying at all. She's not shocked at all. She's just remaining still there, seemingly forgetting how to cry and tremble.

It'll be laughable if I can't endure this any further.

But I'm unable to do so, and finally look away.

I don't want to see such a sad look. if possible, I want to be able to let Hikari Yumesaki face all these. However, this matter won't just end like this.

And thus, I had to make Kasumi cry.

"Why...?"

Kasumi's seemingly in a dream as she lets out a soft voice.

She looks like she's trying to hold it in, like she has giving up, and yet unable to give up.

She's chiding me with such a voice. Should I be proud for being able to hear such a voice?

"I have somebody I like."

I find this to be a cruel line.

Beautiful it is, but extremely cruel,

"That person's selfish and does whatever she does, is easily angered, loves to play tricks, and is basically like an idiot. She never thinks about doing things in order, lacks common sense, and never thinks that she's causing trouble for others in whatever she does. She's really a hopeless person. She's been causing me trouble all this time, always doing things that annoy

me to no end. But because of her, I find that I'm liking myself a little. This is the first time I'm living like this ever since I'm born, so, so...I--"

I'm unable to say anymore.

Because I don't have the courage to continue.

"What you like isn't me. That's why, I'm sorry."

"I don't know, what you mean..."

The furious words are dripping onto the wet floor.

And all I can do is to apologize,

"...Who is it? Who's that girl?"

"..."

"...I think...I like you more than that girl, Sakamoto."

"...I think so too."

"...But even that's, not enough...?"

"Sorry."

"..."

I mercilessly trample upon her last resistance.

"...That's enough."

She proceeds to leave, harboring intense emotions, sadness all over.

The back profile of hers cause me to understand something, that she will never ever forgive me.

The floor is marked with her tears.

And they shall never disappear.

*****

It's two days later.

My room's a complete wreckage.

The room's so badly destroyed I don't even know how to begin describing the scene. I let out a sigh. Well, this went just as I expected.

My body's feeling very heavy, and my eyes hurt.

The pain and scrapes on my hands are probably due to her slamming the wall.

I take out my cellphone to affirm the time, and find a message from my sister.

***"What are you thinking, y-you stupid brother! Just go and die!"***

And to match my response, I open the sent mail folder.

**"This tragedy has awakened a forbidden afternoon trouble! Oh little sister! Come comfort your brother!"**

And all I can see are 30 of these disgusting messages.

"...Enough already."

There's the clothes that were toppled out, the overturned furniture and miscellaneous items.

I pick up the items that have been ravaged by the typhoon of annoyance. I guess I can call her gentle as the only thing left unscathed in the room was the Parsley.

And in the end, I moved the trash bin, now on the desk, onto the floor, and opened the notebook that was placed under it.

There was one simple line written in there,

**"You idiot."**

"As you say so."

I lower my head and apologize.

*****

"4.59am?"

If I'm waking up on the bed today, even this mild-mannered me will start rampaging. That girl's trying her best in her own way however. She has textbooks and reference books placed on the desk like a student, and the notebook were placed by the side.

**"It's Hikari's victory...I hope that's the case..."**

Written on it was a line akin to a dying message.

"It's still cold in the morning?"

It's morning in early June, still somewhat dark out there.

I mutter this to the eerie sky that looks like it's trying to reverse the red color.

"Guess there's no doubt this is the time after all."

It's the melancholic beginning of the month, the mid-terms around the corner.

I managed to discover something out of coincidence, that 'there's a fixed time for us to switch over'.

Before this, both Hikari Yumesaki and I assumed that our personalities would switch at will during the time when sleep, till the moment we wake up. However, it seems the time we switch over is fixed. There are occasions when I burn the midnight oil trying to revise for my exams, only for my

consciousness to snap midway through, and that I'm on the bed the next moment I wake up.

And so, I came up with a conjecture, that 'at a certain time, we'll switch our consciousness like we're sleeping', and decide to experiment on each other.

The experiment basically consists of the following, that 'Hikari Yumesaki is to burn the midnight oil, and we will check the time we wake up'. At the moment, once the personalities have been switched, I can tell the time both of us switch over looking at the clock. This is also a reason to force Hikari Yumesaki, who doesn't do any form of revision, to burn the midnight oil.

That girl has always stayed up late, but after looking at the plan, she protested,

**"I don't wanna stay up till morning."**

However, I broke out of my usual character, and wrote a long determined essay on the notebook indicating my firm will with regards to this. This isn't a joke; it'll be bad if I don't hurry up and study. The subjects are basically divided into 2, so the burden's probably smaller than usual. This is why she should be studying harder.

And so, after several setbacks (where Hikari Yumesaki ended up sleeping), we finally succeeded on this day. The proof is that I'm very tired. It seems the moment of personalities switch is very tiring.

"So the time my vision vanishes is 4.59am? Looks like I have to be sleeping before then."

If I don't do so, both of us will be confused due to the sudden switch.

Like for example, the coffee in the corner of my sights.

Did she just brew it, or was it completely chilled?

It's a minor thing, but a sudden switch in personality will cause anyone to have doubts Also, I wonder if she took a sip from this coffee, or not at all--

"..."

No, it's an indirect kiss, but that's just myself, right? Just the myself a few minutes ago, right? But well, to put it in some way, it's like an indirect kiss.

"She prepared it for me, huh?"

It seems she brewed it to drink herself, but the timing's unfortunate. Well, since she brewed it, I'll help myself now.

I thought as I reach my hand for the cup, the sickening sweet taste flowing--

"Hot!"

It's hot! Hotter than I thought!

I saw it giving off steam, but it's still hotter than I thought!

"Looks like she just brewed it...huh?"

There's a little note placed under the cup saucer, now liberated from the weight of the cup.

Written on it were the messy words out of place,

**"I think it's about that time now."**

"..."

Ah, I see. So that's how it is.

The warm flames are burning deep within my heart.

The indescribable message is causing me to subconsciously show a smile

"You did well there, Hikari Yumesaki."

The sky outside the window is gray with a blue hue, a color that could cause one to forget about others for some inexplicable reason.

It's like the initial moments of a lost soul wandering into a different world, inexplicably delighted.

I look at the sky that girl was looking at just a while back, and my cold body is warmed by that sweet color

*****

"What is this?"

It's a certain sunny day after the mid-terms ended without a hitch.

I switch on the computer, hoping to burn some time on the internet, and come across a strange folder.

It's a customized folder with a heart sign icon, placed in the middle of the desktop. The title of the folder is 'My true feelings'.

"..."

True feelings.

Heart sign.

...

I'm not particularly interested about it, but I guess it doesn't matter if I have a look at it.

I gulp, and while panting, I double-click on the icon.

And like my anime folder, the folder's encrypted, damn it. Password.

Anyway, I try entering all the passwords I can think of, but they all return back as errors.

My (Watashi)  true feelings. I (Ore) want to see. I (Watashi), I (Ore), I (Watashi), I (Ore), I (Watashi).

"..."

**"Hikari Sakamoto."**

"What's with that!?"

Enter.

Confirm.

Damn it.

"Calm down, calm down now, me."

After the massive delusion of an elementary kid, I start to piece things together again.

I'm curious, but I don't know the password...damn it. Am I supposed to give up now? What's that girl's thinking? Though she always has been like this.

Feeling reluctant, I still force myself to connect to the internet instead.

And while I'm surfing the internet to relieve myself.

"Ah!"

I notice something.

There's a website I've never seen before on the browsing history.

"Got to be that girl."

I'm the only one using this computer after all.

And so,

Any records I don't know of that's indicated here is definitely left behind by that gir.

In other words, I can tell what she normally looks at.

In other words, I can peek upon her privacy.

"..."

What do I do?

Can I look?

Maybe I'll end up on a pervert looking site--

...

"I guess it's fine if it's just a little."

I feel that I'm somewhat stubborn in saying this, but she does search through my privacy from time to time. There was once when I came across something that left me speechless. The files in that anime folder has been rearranged due to the number of times she viewed it, and the most watched anime title that's boasted proudly is **"The number of tissue paper I've taken down is no less than anyone else."** Right, now my doubts are gone.

"Anyway, let's start from the top."

Driven by my curiosity, I open the web site.

Shown on it is a shopping site filled with photos of cats and dogs. There's a lot of anime and movie sites too. It seems she has been to a lot of imageboards too.

As for other stuff, there are terms like **'remove unnecessary hair'**, **'ways to get up quietly'**, **'high school student average'** in the search history. There's even a search record of a **'Sexy Dream eyewitness report'**. There's no way such a thing can occur, right! Yes, right?

Also, the search history includes of **'Yukimaru's new issue'**, **'Boy Incompetent Uke'**, **'Tomorrow I die, wise sayings to use'**, but I'm most interested in,

**"Boyfriend birthday present'**.

"....."

...Boyfriend.....

That...erm?

Hm...

Maybe, perhaps--

--Pak.

I inadvertently slap my face that's giving a foolish smile to sober myself, and shake my head head,

Don't be hasty. Calm down.

These alone aren't enough for me to tell whether that boyfriend is me. Also, the following search record is a huge problem too-- **'Ero games, little sister fetish recommendation'**. Depending on the situation, this will cause a family dispute.

I then continue to search through the search history, and find an unexpected site,

"...Wisdom bag? This girl actually uses such a site?"

I found the 'YaOoo! Wisdom Bag (智恵袋)!"everyone has been helped by.

However, it's not just for browsing, just questioning. I wonder what sort of face she made when she used this.

"Oh yeah. I can see what she searched for here, right?"

The first question that entered my sight,

**"That Sakamoto's thing looks very cute when it's hard. Is this an anomaly?"**

"DON'T KID AROUND WITH ME, YOU BITCH!!!"

And she even wrote my name down! You should be saying that it's a friend or something.

And then, the following questions were **'how tall is Sakamoto?**', **'how big that that thing'**, and Hikari Yumesaki answered them honestly. Goodness…

"What has she been doing?"

Feeling completely frustrated, I scan through the other questions.

**"Sakamoto's a little ill-tempered. He'll get angry when I sleep naked. Is it because that thing is too small?"**

**"I told Sakamoto that he needs to cut his hair, yet he hasn't. He definitely looks more handsome with short hair."**

**"Speaking of which, I'm a little worried about Sakamoto's growth."**

**"Ah, is that the reason why he has long hair? I understand now (LOL) Is that what everyone thinks?"**

There were many of such questions.

Anyway, I'm currently thinking of ways to take revenge on the me tomorrow. If anyone has any good ideas, please tell me.

"Are people actually curious about…"

I can't help but wonder, there are actually people who would answer such questions? However, there are always a few bored souls around on this world. It's annoying that she answered all kinds of questions honestly.

For example, 'HN: Falling Snow Night' answered,

"My brother's thing is also small, but I do know that when he wakes up in the morning..."

It feels a bit fake, to be honest.

There were other things, like 'turbulent winds of the Infirmary' saying,

"Long hair boys have a strong tendency of feeling self-defeated. From your words, I can determine that he is frustrated over his size. However, small is not a sin. Such boys like to go around acting tough, so you should be laughing at him quietly in your heart while showing concern for him."

This reply really hurt my eyes and heart. And why is it that this is the best answer, damn it!!

"Goodness, she's always doing such stupid things."

And then, I continue to search wearily through the question box,

**"Great success at teasing Sakamoto! What shall I do next time?"**

**"Sakamoto's really cute for forgiving all my pranks--! Are boys always this cute?"**

**"Sakamoto after the shower makes my heart pound! Can you understand!"**

**"Veins! The veins on the arms are throbbing! Don't you find that boys' veins are wonderful!?"**

**"Sakamoto's still a coward like usual, but this makes him cuter, right? In a certain sense"**

**"Sakamoto really has few friends, huh? He's really a good person though! Shall I help him here?"**

**"I want Sakamoto to have a girlfriend! He'll be delighted, right?"**

**"I investigated on Sakamoto's fetishes! Since I find that they are all huge breasts anime on his computer, that has to be it, right?"**

And all sorts of such questions.

Instead of questions, this has somehow evolved into something like a blog for her. Well, her joy is well conveyed here.

"...Thank goodness."

To be honest, I was a little suspicious.

Was she actually forcing herself?

Was she pretending to be cheerful so that she won't have to think about her death?

I let out a sigh of relief, and stare at the last question,

**"Why isn't he dating? Did I do something unnecessary?"**

"Why, huh...?"

I wrote in my notebook on that night.

**"Sorry, I lied. I do have someone I like. That's why I can't go out with Kasumi. Sorry for hiding this from you."**

"...I won't get caught now, right?"

Her voice continued to echo in my heart several times.

And ever since then, Hikari Yumesaki never talked about Kasumi again.

There is no way she can't be curious about it though. She just never did anything about it.

"I guess I should forgive her for that."

And then, feeling, anxious and somewhat expectant, I went to sleep after writing those words.

The next day, I saw the relieved and somewhat regretful voice...

**"Thanks for telling me. Sorry for doing such stubborn things. I just want to repay you for saving me, Sakamoto, but it looks like I did something unnecessary. I do feel sorry for Kasumi**

**too...please continue to maintain normal contact with her. It'll hurt her if you suddenly pull your distance away from her. I'll try showing some concern to her too. I'm really sorry.**

**Speaking of which, you do have a girl you like after all! There's nothing to be ashamed about that, really~! You're really handsome, weak to moe, and definitely can strike up a maternal's instinct. You'll definitely be able to hook on with one successfully! Do your best, Sakamoto! I'll be cheering!"**

And right below it is an illustration of Hikari Yumesaki hugging me.

It's filled with joy and sadness, difficult to explain.

However.

"Guess I got no choice."

Both of us are back to back from each other, so close yet so far.

We're closer to anyone else, yet we can't touch each other, let alone talk to each other.

Even until death, even when we're dead, for eternity.

That's why I can only give up--

"Sigh..."

It's discomforting to say this, but I guess there are quite some boys like me who have such murky outsets in life. I'm definitely able to answer my feelings after meeting her, but such thinking is most probably just running away from reality.

"...Let's go to school."

After an inner conflict that didn't fit me, I closed the notebook.

And head to school like usual.

I looked at the dull sky, brooded for a while, and ran out without an umbrella. It should be fine, right?

I thought.

And I wished.

But the world could never forgive her.

## CUT 5

# Today, I had an encounter with you. You swear revenge.

---

Hikari Yumesaki seemed weird recently.

And on a certain morning in June, my doubts became belief.

It was a gloomy, rainy season.

And after reading the words written on the notebook, I felt something was amiss.

"She got a cold?"

And I immediately realized that was impossible.

The diary entry written in the notebook was unusually lethargic, or if I have to be specific, the  contents written on it are rather businesslike, I guess. The contents she wrote had been lacking in information before this, but right now, the contents of the entries felt somewhat plain.

Her specialty, the illustrations, has recently disappeared, and it seems she's more obedient whenever she goes to school. It got to a point where even our classmates were troubled at how to encourage her "Pull yourself together."

Even the white puzzle she always dabbled in was left buried in a corner of the room, and she never continued with working on it.

**"I do feel embarrassed if it's panties, but not if it's swimsuits! In other words, what this means is that it's not an issue of the surface area covering, I think."**

Having completed the puzzle to this point, it seems she doesn't have any interest in continuing on any further.

Leaving that aside, I was being worried, **"You feeling alright? Are you troubled?"** so I wrote these words two days ago,

**"It's nothing in particular, you know?"**

And that was her reply.

"Nothing in particular, huh?"

Whenever this girl uses the term 'nothing in particular', unfortunately for me, it's always a lie. That was what she would answer regarding the splurging of money and making a pass at my little sister. Both of us are in the same body after all. I can tell immediately that she's lying.

"As much as I wanna say it's a relief...I don't think it's possible."

I don't know if it's fortunate or not, but my sensitive personality meant that I am never going to leave my other half like this.

And also, this might involve me in some way. She is me after all.

Using this vague excuse to convince myself, and decide to ask the second closest girl to me for assistance.

"...Erm, what did you just say?"
"As I say, can you tell me if I've been acting very weird recently?"

That's my little sister, Yukiko Sakamoto.

I don't know if she's looking more sexually attractive since she became a middle schooler, or Hikari Yumesaki gave her some style tips. Anyway, I find that her hairstyle and clothing looks more mature than before. However, I don't think it matters much for a middle schooler.

"About that, well...I think you're cuter than before...and...together, we...but, siblings doing that is...nuuu..."

"Huh?"

This girl, whose haircut has changed from the original bobcut to straight short hair, is looking extremely fidgety, stammering as she spoke.

It feels a little vague here, but this isn't what I'm asking.

"Is there some obvious change or something? Like anything I did that's different from what I usually do?"

"...Your question is really strange here, but I really can't think of anything specific."

"Is that so...?"

If it happens that she wants to hide something from me, that girl will obviously have things in place to deal with me. Tch, looks like I'm at a dead end here, huh?

But when we're cohabiting in this strange situation, I don't think she can hide much.

Looks like I got no choice. Better look into this myself.

"Thanks, Yukiko. Sorry for the weird question. Forget about what I said, 'kay?"

"Huh?"

I turn away from my skeptical little sister, and is about to head for my room.

However, unexpected words can be heard from behind me.

"Speaking of which, who's that man anyway? You two look rather close there."

"Hm?"

I just heard something that made me shudder.

Wait, that was...

"Eh, erm, when was it? Who did I meet exactly?"

I try to speak using the basic vocabulary to as I turn over to her, trying my best not to look unnaturally. I'm already used to this action, but her startling words really caused me to jolt.

"When was it? I saw you chatting with a student from another school at a cafe. I remember that's the uniform of Taki High, right?"

Taki High. As in Takiou High School?

It's a private High School I have no business with, but I remember that is--

"I think it's rare for you to be with friends, brother. Is that eloquent, handsome guy someone you know since Middle School?"

Piish, pussh, paash, poosh.

This young boy's heart is being stabbed at by invisible needles, spears and lances.

And thanks to all those, my heart's now letting out the shrill cry of a machine gun.

"...Ahh, speaking of which, I think I met that guy last week. Lemme think. Which cafe was it again?"

I fumble around with some smokes and mirrors, trying to listen in as I try to fish for more words.

"You even forgot about the shop you went? How stupid can you be? It's the 'South Polar Star. The critically acclaimed shop couples go to."

Cou…

"……Are you kidding me…"

"Brother?"

"…Yukiko, you've grown, haven't you?"

"Huh?"

"This brother here is very happy to be able to live to see you grow so big here."

"Wh-what's with you? Y-You wanna die? You idiot…"

"Yeah…I feel like dying…"

Leaving these words behind, I return back to my room without looking back.

Feeling confused and betrayed, my mind's in a complete warzone, thinking,

*What's with this bitter feeling…*
"Speaking of which, how did Yukiko know about me?"

I buried my head in the bed, quietly shedding tears for several minutes.

Having calmed down quite a bit, I start to have such questions

But I guess it doesn't matter now. There are more pressing matters,

Right now, I'm staring at the 'South Polar Star' homepage with teary eyes.

According to what I see on the official page, it's a cafe with a stylish atmosphere. In the meantime, I checked on the 'user blog for this shop', and found comments like 'I checked out this shop after watching a movie with my girlfriend, and it's really a great shop!', and 'it's relaxing hearing the soothing BGM. My boyfriend's happy too'. I read all these comments with a parched voice. What's this, spiteful remarks?

"A Takiou High uniform..."

I recalled the report on that news bulletin.

**"A female student of Takiou High School died in an accident."**

That was the obituary news column of Hikari Yumesaki.

And that Hikari Yumseaki met the boy dressed in Takiou High School student.

Takiou High, boy, cafe filled with couples, suave, handsome, **handsome**.

**"You're ranked second to me in regards to those who cause hearts to flutter, Sakamoto!"**

A certain line from before appeared in my mind again.

Ranked second, second, backup, 2nd candidate, number 2, guaahhh.

"Now I get it. I finally got it..."

She's a high school girl at that age.

Such things may actually be quite normal.

Ah damn it...are you kidding me...?

I don't think it's a good thing for me to be a third wheel here, right?

But couldn't you have talked about this to me in the first place? I guess I'm getting too obsessed here.

I really can't help but let my thoughts run wild.

I really want to investigate on that guy, but I can't possibly be able to check on who this guy is just because I know he's suave and handsome. It'll also seem unnatural for me to ask my little sister.

Argh, I don't have a way out of this?

But though I say so, I continue to tough it out and read the user blog, rage biding within me. And so, I arrive at a very weird blog

"Hm? What is this?"

It's a blog with cute fonts, couple-like icons, and a fairy-tale atmosphere

These alone would still be ordinary.

***"Yukirin's big brother observation diary ☆"***

But this is the title of the blog.

Why do I have a bad feeling about this? How perverted is the person opening this blog?

Though I wonder this, I casually pick a certain diary entry, and continue to read through some parts I'm interested in.

The stuff written are,

***"Yukirin's big brother's acting very strangely! Is it because he likes Yukirin so much that he's like that?"***

***"Yukirin's big brother asks me what Yukirin thinks about him! What's going on here!?"***

***"Yukirin's big brother's embracing Yukirin tightly! M-my big brother's smell"***

***"Yukirin's having a swimsuit bath with Yukirin's big brother!!! And he also scrubbed Yukirin's back--kyaa."***

I find these siblings to be too disgusting...isn't this just a brocon and a siscon together? Goodness, how in the world are their parents educating them?

Feeling curious, I browse through the other passages, and found there to be worse,

***"Yukirin's big brother stole Yukirin's bra here. Yukirin was actually hoping that he would use the bra to do that, but he actually put it on himself. What's going on here...?"***

***"Yukirin found big brother sleeping next to her with just a piece of underwear! Yukirin hurriedly shooed him off, but it seemed Yukirin did too much here...is Yukirin's really alright here?"***

***"Yukirin got kissed by big brother...Yukirin wants to die..."***

Goodness me. Such terrible siblings.

Seriously, what's with their parents...

***"Are there any questions for Yukirin, who's about to be NTRed over her big brother??"***

***"(Wall breaking scoop!), Yukirin's big brother ended a room with that braided girl, and there were lewd sounds coming from inside."***

***"(Cheapskate big brother) Brother, with, girl, 4 hours, lewd sounds, sister going crazy 'send mail'."***

.....

***"Big brother got confessed to. It's okay, big brother won't leave Yukirin alone. Definitely not."***

***"He messed up!!! Big brother got dumped How embarrassing!! Wahey!! LOLOLOLOLOL!!!"***

***"Big brother sent a 'comfort request' mail! Ah, Yukirin quickly rejected it, but this is the chance to be an adult author here...ahhh...Yukirin you idiot!!!"***

".....Phew."

Upon reading till this point, I inadvertently let out a sigh.

And then, I yell,

"YUKIIIKKKOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!??????"

Wa-wai-wait...ehhhh!?

"No...nononononono!!"

Wait wait wait! You're kidding, right!?"

No, I'll be troubled if it's not a joke! But, the next entry...

**"You can't, big brother...Yukirin and you are siblings..."**

...WHAT DID SHE DO!!?

"W-what did that idiot do...?"

I'm left completely speechless. How in the world is Yukiko writing such a blog?

However, if we're looking at the characters and the events that happened, it's definitely

"No-no, don't think about it...don't think about it already..."

I barely manage to drag back my consciousness that's drifting to Mars, and continue to read on panting,

None of these happenings matter here.

If this is my little sister's blog, there's definitely a hint here--

***"B-big brother's having coffee with an unfamiliar handsome guy! It's here! Something inexplicable's awakening! I guess there's benefits to being a stalker!"***

Got it! There's a hint! And sis, you have such habits after all!? Well, whatever!

And, the continuation?

***"Yukirin never thought big brother would have such fine tastes!. He called the handsome guy 'Kazeshiro'. What do everyone think here!? Is it?"***

And below this passage is a two-shot photo with mosaic over the eyes.

I can't really tell as it's a little far, but the person sitting closer to this side is definitely me. The body figure and hairstyle's the same as me, and sitting opposite me, drinking coffee is,

"This guy's 'Kazeshiro'?"

The eyes have mosaic over them, so I can't see his overall appearance, but I can still vaguely tell that the guy's really handsome.

……This guy.

"Damn it."

I suddenly lose all my drive, and immediately switch off my computer, sitting at my desk with my head slumped.

Do I write on the notebook **'who's Kazeshiro?'**

But if I'm to ask, she'll ask me how do I know.

"So I can't go beyond that…?"

And in the end, I did not write anything about this, just a normal, boring entry.

I think I should give up. If that girl never told me anything about this, it means she doesn't want me involved. No matter how close I am to her, our hearts can't really be one.

Because that girl chose to hide this.

*****

"This definitely isn't a good thing."

It's Friday, and the time's 3.30pm.

And I, muttering this, am standing in front of Takiou High.

Yes, I came here after all.

The first thing I wonder is, why is the weather so bad?

It's just a world of grey everywhere, like clouds of grey smoke blocking my eyes or something.

The air's as moist as the rain, just like what I feel.

I'm not the only one annoyed here; the students dressed in high school uniforms are the same too, looking very lethargic. The moment they exit the school gates and see me, they immediately move aside--ahh, it's nostalgic to

be treated like this by others. I still have memories of students shunning me, their backs arched as they returned home.

"I guess I'll make her angry. However."

I'm trying my best to come up with an excuse, but I can't think of anything. It's just jealousy after all.

I tried many times to convince myself to give up ever since that day, but I'm still unable to do so. All I realize now is that this isn't a good thing to do.

And in the end, I really want to see that guy's face. *Well whatever*, I thought. I'm being really uncool here. I'm not joking.

"He's Kazeshiro, right?'

I stare at the photo on the cellphone, which I copied from my little sister's blog, muttering,

What am I supposed to do after I do see him?

--What's your relationship with Hikari Yumesaki?

I might ask this question, but, if, at this moment,

--We're in love~☆

If he's going to answer that, how am I suppose to respond? I guess I'll feel better if I beat him up good, but do I have the fortitude to do such an embarrassing thing? I ca n conclude that no, I don't have such courage. I

probably will end up trying my best to give a silly smile, saying "I-is that so?" and run back to my house, venting my frustration on the pillow.

"No, I can't do this."

I came all the way here already, and I'm still being so timid. Uwah, this is bad. This is too pitiful of me. What am I doing here?

Do I go back? Shall I go back after all?

It's not too late to back out now, right?

Yes, right, I guess I shall go back--

"--Sakamoto?"

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!??"

My shoulders suddenly got whacked, I thought I was going to die.

Feeling extremely fearful, I turn back to look...ah, the handsome guy?

"What are you doing here? Everyone's scared of you here."

"Eh, ah, oh, oh."

Shut up, you idiot. Don't suddenly greet me here! Are you being so rude because you're a handsome guy? All handsome guys have bad personalities after all, I guess?

"Y-yo, quite a coincidence."

I respond back at the guy who greeted me with such familiarity, and observe him.

He's a skinny guy, but does seem seem a little sturdy, and he's probably a little shorter than me. He has nice neat hair that felt pure, and the handsome face gave a refreshing aura. The hand slinging the bag over his beck was very white, like a girl's. However, there were blue veins on them, making him look rather unhealthy.

I guess that's him, just as I saw him on the photo.

So this guy's Kazeshiro.

"Are you actually waiting for me?"

"Hm, well yeah."

Now then, what kind of relationship do I have with this guy? It's really awkward to come all the way here without any prior knowledge. Do I say "I really want to meet you, *blows kiss*"? If he's going to answer "Me too, *blows kiss*." I think I can die in all kinds of ways here.

"Since you're here, Sakamoto, let's find a place to chat. That cafe's not bad, right?"

"Ah, hm, yeah."

I answer with as few words as possible, and at least managed to make contact without raising any suspicion.

Now it's time for the main issue.

The sky's completely cloudy. Kazeshiro brought me to the 'South Pole Star' cafe. I did some research on this shop, and had some understanding of it, but I do find it to be really a stylish cafe after witnessing it personally. It really isn't a place a single male will visit. In other words, it's like that, right? That? What's that anyway?
It's a weekday afternoon, but the place is still packed. A few minutes after the guy wrote the name 'Kazeshiro' on the waiting list, the shop attendant called us to sit in. I'm really not used to such an environment, so I can only pretend to calmly sit down.

I can vaguely see the antiquated coffee mill and the sexy looking wine bar far inside the counter. There's all kinds of constellations symbol marks stuck all over the shop, and on a closer look, one could find a large celestial globe dangling from the ceiling.

I stare at the old telescope resembling the one Mr Galileo liked to use, located at the entrance. "Anyway, let's just order something first." at this moment, I heard Kazeshiro say some sensible words. There's a menu sent to me here, but the terms on it are all so dangerous to comprehend. Oh well, I guess I'll just order whatever I want.

The lonely music box continue to echo throughout the shop, and when the waiter quietly walked over to me, I point at the topmost item on the menu.

In constrast to me, Kazeshiro simply read the horizontal words that sounded erotic. Damn if this guy's cool. I can't do that.

Such a notion vanish along with the waiter, and there's a slight space. Now then, time for the real show.

Did this guy date Hikari Yumesaki before? If they did, so what about it now? I don't think she did reveal her real identity, and I don't think she was trying to make contact with others using my body. But there's the possibility that this guy's gay--

"Kazeshiro."

And so,

"What?"

I asked.

"Are you going out with anyone?"

"That's quite an abrupt question. Not at the moment, anyway. What about that?"

At the moment?

What's with the emphasis on that? Don't give me this kind of vague answer here!

"I-is that so? Not at the moment?"

"Yeah. I don't have any interest in that."

Damn it. So what's the answer? Can't you just be specific?

I'm trying to find a chance, trying to see if I can ask something out of this, but it seems Kazeshiro assumed that the topic has ended as he fiddled with the questionnaire form placed on the table, and I can't ask any clarification about those vague answers. Shit.

But well, it looks like any doubts about him going out with me are gone now, I guess.

And the moment I mutter this,

"--Hm?"

Kazeshiro opened his moment absentmindedly as he lifted his head. Hm? What now?

"...Wait a moment. Why are you being so relieved now?"

"Hm? Ahh, I'm just a little curious. Nothing much to that."

"No, you're curious? Are you kidding me, hey?"

"Eh? Wh-why are you being so anxious here?"

"No, because boys--.....w-well, it's nothing."

Kazeshiro muttered slightly, and brought the coffee to his lips with a bitter look. What's with him? He's looking really bad here.

"Hey, what now? Did I just say something bad, Kazeshiro?"

"No, don't mind about that. I just thought of some things in the past. There were people who frequently say this about me, Kazeshiro has a face for that type of thing."

Hm?

"What do you mean, that type of thing?"

"You know, that. That, well, between men...there was an acquiantance I knew of who once said this, that my face is popular amongst boys. We were talking about what kind of face that was."

The deep eyes could be vaguely seen under the straight black hair as Kazeshiro muttered this hesitantly. Ahh, well...I understand why you're always said to be like that. I too had the same suspicions just now.

"Dammit. Nobody would say this if only I look like my dad. Do you look like your dad, Sakamoto?"

"No well. My dad's a plain, short, salaryman, but I'm uselessly huge."

I answered as I add the sugar into the coffee, and Kazeshiro showed a bewildered look

"Eh? Didn't you say that your dad's a muscular rugby player the other day?"

For goodness sake! That idiot! Cut it out!

"Ah, no, that's the other dad.."

"The other? ...Ah."

Not good, this desperate excuse makes it sound like a paradise. "...Sorry, I think I shouldn't have asked about that. My apologies." You don't have to worry about that, Kazeshiro.

"Hahaha...haha..."

I barely manage to round things up with a laugh, but I'm feeling more gloomy than ever. Speaking of which, I still have no idea who this guy is, I don't know his relationship with Hikari Yumesaki, and I don't know his relationship with me, which makes this impossibly hard to handle. How am I suppose to continue attacking?

Feeling completely jittery, I'm just chit-chatting with him about things like test, TV. I'm scared of revealing my hand here.

"...Now then."

Just when I'm quietly pointing the middle finger at myself in my heart.

Kazeshiro fondled with the acrylic docket, and let out a noticeably deep voice,

"You expressedly came all the way to my school. Do you really want to know, Sakamoto?"

....Oh dear, aren't you saying quite the strange thing there, Kazeshiro?

This is really an unexpected big chance. What I shall reply is--

"--Ah, of course."

Anyway, let's hear what he has to say.

Of course, I don't have a plan. From here on, I'll let the topic continue on inevitably.

"Normally, I won't care about such a harrassment. You're the guy who saved me from a drunkard though, Sakamoto, so I'm torn."

It looks like I saved him once.

"Are you still doing that thing? That Sexy Dream."

.....I guess I'm still doing it.

"No, well, that's when I'm free, I guess."

"I'm really envious of you, able to be so nonchalant about protecting someone."

Kazeshiro's grumbling face is so miserable and transisent.

Damn it, did she fall of this face?

"But why are you so curious about that? I--...I don't understand the reason why you're interested about my revenge."

"--Huh?"

In spite of my carelessness, those distinct words entered right into my ears.

Revenge? Did he just say that?

Wait, wait, why do I feel that this is continuing in a strange direction--

"Ah, no, about that...I'm wondering why you want to take revenge..."

I meet him right in the eyes, speaking up so as to try and pursue the topic.

Hey wait, the topic's continuing in a more problematic manner than I thought it would be.

What's going on here...?

"I guess it's really bad not to watch my mouth. It's because I carelessly let a slip that you were harrassing me like this. Ever since that day, you've been making contact with me all this time. Are you that concerned?"

Kazeshiro continued to stare at the black, glossy coffe ask he checked with me a perturbed voice.

Tell him I won't continue harrassing him?

But I can't say that.

That girl's the one harrassing him here, so in other words, it has something to do with her.

"I haven't known you for long, but I know that you're not a bad person. However, I have to be gutsy and say this to you. Sorry, but give up already."

Revenge. Bad guy. Gutsy. I'm left speechless at these unfamiliar terms.

"..."

Kazeshiro stares at this speechless me with a face of varied emotions, and continued drinking his coffee.

In the end, I'm unable to hear any more than that. After that moment, we started talking about other topics clumsily, trying to abandon this burdensome conversation behind as this irregular time passed on.

I'm able to talk with this guy better than I expected. He's adept at listening, and is moderately intellectual. He also has a great sense of humor, and anyway, I realize the tragic fact that I completely lose to him as a man. Damn it, it's no wonder that Hikari Yumesaki would like him. Haa...

It seems there's something irregular with what I said, for he would comment, "Sakamoto, you have a lot of strange things going on."

Such a magnanimous attitude is also a factor in being well liked, huh?

Damn it.

*****

**"When I was being Sexy Dream, I coincidentally met my high school friend. Well, that was about a month ago. I was wondering if he was feeling alright, so I went out to play with him a few times. Sorry for hiding this from you. Kazeshiro may have said some weird things, but please don't worry about it. He's a little prone to misunderstanding things."**

"But even if you say so, there's no way I can't be concerned about that, right?"

I met Kazeshiro two days ago.

I know this is a pathetic feeling born out of jealousy, so I was hesitant as to whether I should write this event on the notebook. However, I guess she would know inevitably, so I simply wrote it all down honestly.

And Hikari Yumesaki's reply is as what was described above.

However, I'm still unable to accept her explanation as it is.

That girl coincidentally saved her friend Kazeshiro when she was going out being Sexy Dream. She was then concerned about him, and met him a few times while keeping this a secret from me. However, Kazeshiro carelessly mentioned the word 'revenge' that day, and Hikari Yumesaki, who probably

had some idea on what it is, was curious about that...that's probably all that is.

No matter how I look at it, this diary's basically telling me 'don't get involved in this'. Even her conclusion was basically,

**"Anyway, don't worry about Kazeshiro. I'm fine here."**

"You're fine, huh...?"

If this were a line in a young boys manga, I can at least make a cool reply like **'gotcha, I trust you...'**. However, reality is a palette filled with multiple impurities, and this wimpy  me has no guts to say those words with all my might.

"Looks like things are becoming worse than what I imagined, huh?"

Kazeshiro was probably Hikari Yumesaki's ex-boyfriend, I guess. Though I do have such a worry, I do think that things aren't that simple here. No, of course I'm curious as to the truth behind all of these too.

The issue here is about that term.

Without knowing about the 'revenge' Hikari Yumesaki has been probing on with all her might, there's no way we can talk about solving this.

And I have no idea what this has to do with Hikari Yumesaki. Maybe there's a possibility there's no relation to that.

However, he would not say it out anyway.

No matter how much Kazeshiro would express himself, I'll just end up a little overwhelmed as far as I'm concerned. However, I'll be really troubled if she's being serious about this. She and I are the same entity. Even leaving this aside, I want to avoid having her going through a bad time as far as possible. I can't leave her like this even if my love isn't posible.

"Revenge, huh?"

I pull out the Middle School uniform that was thrown into a corner of my closet.

It's my ex-partner which I somehow left behind.

I take out the student handbook hidden inside that pocket, and open it. The rippling sounds of papers echo loudly within me.

It's Hikari Yumesaki's student handbook.

This is the proof that she was once alive, the proof that she died.

The girl died in an accident.

Based on the information given by the driver and eyewitness account, the police attributed this to an accidental death due to carelessness. And she walked on the pedestrian crossing without paying attention, resulting in an unfortunate accident.

"Kazeshiro...what in the world are you thinking?"

*****

Because of what happened, it was grey all over two days later.

Solemnly, opening the diary, I felt devastated here.

**"I found some ero photos you'll be happy with! Open up the second drawer from the bottom of the desk! Write down your reflection! (42 words by 34 lines composition paper, write 15 ~ 30 papers of them)**

"Am I supposed to write a short story here?"

My hopes dashed, I open the drawer dejected, and found just an illustration on it with the words written, **'you really thought they were ero photos? too bad! that's Hikari-chan (ver: you wanna have a go?)'**. There's a strange illustration of a pretty black-haired girl sitting on the bench, with the hook of her jumpsuit undone, jumpsuit revealing the cleavage. However, this illustration does look rather familiar. I guess that's it, she did draw manga about men bonding. She really does like those things, huh?

And also, it's a waste that the work is of such good quality.

"Goodness, she's always doing that sort of stupid thing."

At the same time however, I feel a little relieved.

It's a great thing that she's not unhappy and brooding over this.

She has been looking very weird recently, so I was worried; however, she would have days when she feel awful, and if she's like this, I guess she's fine.

"Don't make me worry too much. You're the one who always does stupid things from time to time."

I mutter to no one in particular, and prepare to go to school.

However, I'm naive.

No, I guess I already realized this, that she's just bluffing after all. She's just doing this because she's concerned about me.

But I want to avert my eyes and run away from the matter, even though I knew this is something I will regret over.

On this night, I realize how foolish I was to think of that. She really likes this kind of thing.

And it's a pity that the quality of the work's good.

"Seriously she's always doing such stupid things."

But at the same time, I'm a little relieved.

It's great to see that she's not feeling downhearted.

She has been acting a little weird recently, and that really worried me here. I guess she does have her mood swings when she feel extremely unhappy. I guess it's fine if she's like this like.

"Don't make me worry too much here. The you who's always doing stupid things is the normal you here."

I mutter this to no one in particular, and prepare to head off to school.

However, I'm naive.

No, I guess I already realized this, that she's just trying to act tough here. She's just trying to show her concern for me here.

But well, I really want to avert my eyes away from this, even though I know that this will end up with me regretting.

And on this night, I realize how naive I was.

"Hm?"
It's night. The middle of a usual, ordinary night.

I'm sleeping in the room with my indirect lighting switched on (sleeping in a pitch dark room is something Hikari Yumesaki hates and selfishly insisted against.) At that moment, a certain person sneaked into my room without warning, waking me up.

"Hm...who's that?"

"Ha, waah!"

Once I flip my futon over, I found a figure squirming in the dim room.

And the identity of that person is considerably surprising to me.

"Yukiko...?"

"...Ah, about that..."

What the? the one invading my room was my little sister, Yukiko.

"What are you doing? Hm? That's--"

"Ah! No! Th-this is, that..."

I stare at the thing Yukiko's holding so preciously with both hands.

In her panic, she tries to hide it behind her. Ehh seriously, just let me see already. Why are you hiding it?

I tug at her hands, and the thing she's holding with both hands is--

"What? ***'A luxury tour complimentary ticket, enjoy the Japanese summer with your all! Bring the person you like!'***...this is?"

"Th-that's why, I say...about that..."

That's a complimentary tour ticket .

And on a closer look, beside the words ***'Bring the person you like!'*** I saw the words written, ***'it's good to bring your little sister along too!'***. Erm...

"Are you planning to give this to me?"

"Uu...I wanted to slip it to you quietly...an-anyway, just accept this happily! Thank me right now!"

Yukiko's face is blushing a little as lifted her head proudly. No, while I'm grateful for this, why a tour ticket? Isn't it expensive?

I-I'm a little concerned here

"Are you giving this to me?"

"Uu...I wanted to sneak in and hand this to you quietly...anyway, just accept this graciously! Hurry up and thank me already!"

With her face blushing, Yukiko puffs her chest as she says to this me. Well, I'm grateful for this, but why a tour ticket? It's expensive, right?

"Do-don't worry about it. This isn't anything much as long as you're feeling better, brother! That's why, that's why--stop being so downhearted!"

"Downhearted?"

Just when I'm about to ask, *when was I being downhearted?* I suddenly realize.

I understood what those words meant.

"G-goodness. Recently, you have been looking very nervous, brother, always loitering around at home alone. You don't have any appetite when you eat, and you end up sleeping very late at night. sometimes even hugging your knees, giving that thinking look. I can't watch this any longer! I don't know what you're thinking, but cheer up immediately! If you go on a tour, you'll definitely be able to relieve your stress."

"..."

Yukiko, looking furious, folded her arms as she said those words.

And I realized how naive I was.

I thought I understood Hikari Yumesaki more than anyone else.

But I was unable to see that she was forcing herself here.

Before my little sister told me about this, I didn't know she held all her thoughts within herself alone.

I see. There's no way she can be alright after all.

She's trying to act tough. Just trying to look tough here.

"...Yukiko."

I mutter to my little sister, who's being quiet in the darkness,

"You're right. I did have some frustrations yesterday, and the me tomorrow will be suffering as well."

My little sister continues to stare at me intently.

"The me tomorrow will definitely wake up feeling all broody. I have a very huge problem right now. However, I'll continue to suffer. It's too much suffering to keep it all to myself after all."

"Then just say it all out tomorrow. You'll feel a little better."

"Sorry, I won't do that. The me tomorrow has decided to fight on alone."

"……But that's."

An anguished voice was eked out. Don't give such a face. It'll ruin your cute face.

"However, I guess it's too much suffering fighting alone. It's too much suffering waking up with a gloomy feeling. That's why, Yukiko--"

I stare at my little sister's eyes, and say with conviction,

"Tomorrow, when I wake up, do you mind saying 'good morning, I love you'?"

"--Woah!?"

…….

…

The silence of the night is echoing.

All emotions have vanished from my sister's face like a *haniwa*, and I continue on.

"Please. The me tomorrow really loves you. If you can wake up the me tomorrow, the me tomorrow will definitely be happy about it."

"B-but--"

"And if possible, can you please be together with the me tomorrow? When eating together, bathing together...anyway, just don't let me be alone."

"A--"

"And also, sleep with the me tomorrow. You might get teased by me here, but I really hope to rely on you at that moment. Using your breasts."

"--"

"That's why, for the me tomorrow……Yukiko?"

Huh? What now?

The *kaniwa* face is becoming redder. Eh, what? Is she evolving?

"It-it...it finally came..."

"Eh?"

"This moment finally arrive...showing my courage here finally paid off...my hand can reach the moon! Apollo!"

A-Apollo?

"E-erm, can I leave this to you?"

"Of course! I'll definitely wake up earlier than you and say good morning to you, brother! I might not sleep at all!"

And Yukiko handed me the tour ticket with delight, wiping the drool off her lips as she exited the room. She's angry at one moment and smiling at the next. Well whatever, this isn't the only problem here.

"I have also assume the worse case scenario here..."

I don't know what that girl's so angsty about, but I can't just leave her alone like this.

She's currently suffering at the moment, and there's no doubt about that. I can't just leave her alone like this. I have to know about Hikari Yumesaki.

But what do I do here? How do I go about understanding her?

I know nothing about Hikari Yumesaki. I don't know how she looked, her voice, her skin color, her hair color. I don't know her family, and I don't know about her friends. All I know here is Kazeshiro, and the fact that they attended the same school together...

"Ah--"

Thinking about this, I can't help but exclaim,

"Maybe--"

The memories of early April awoke in my mind.

Yeah, this is it.

I finally realize this, and at this moment, I will myself.

I never tried searching into Hikari Yumesaki's secret, and right now, I have to step into it.

I don't want to do this, but I'm left with no other choice.

"Wait for me here, Hikari Yumesaki...Kazeshiro."

Determination filling my heart, I lift my head at the warm night sky.

*****

Two days later, after school.

Some light shone through the cloudy sky, and below it, I arrive at the watermelon fields.

When our strange cohabitation life began, before we were exchanging diary entries.

I ended up waking up here twice in a row, and I thought it was really strange.

That person definitely came here for a reason. This is her place of refuge.

And thus, this is why she wouldn't leave this place even in the middle of the night.

"Sorry for being later."

I open the crumpled student handbook to check the address. It's a piece of land located at a footpath between the rice fields, near Takiou High School.

There's no doubt about it. Amongst the vinyl houses, I can see a little house.

This is the place where Hikari Yumesaki was born and lived in.

Using my body, which she was unfamiliar with, she tried asking her family for help.

She's probably terrified, trembling, crying, fighting alone in this lonely world.

That girl's not mentally strong in any way, just continuing to endure it all.

"If there's a chance, a chance for me to know anything about that girl..."

Come on, let's step in--

Though I thought of this before, there is a following issue at hand.

I already woke up twice here.

In other words, during the short time after her death, that girl came here twice using my body.

"Did she mess up...?"

Looks like she did.

At that time, I had yet to comprehend the situation probably. That was also the time when I was suspected to have split personalities, causing me to end up wailing.

Do I really want to meet with her family?

If I do end up meeting them, how am I supposed to face them? I don't think it's a good thing either way though.

Not good, what do I do now? I can't think of anything.

Speaking of which, I don't know anything about how that girl's family is like. What do I do…?

"Ah."

"Hm?"

A voice rang amidst the silence, and I carelessly turn over to look.

Over there is one heck of a beauty.

Her hair and eyes are black, and it's probably because of this that her skin looked extremely white. Her petite body looks a little slender, or maybe it's just me.

She has the look of a housewife, pushing a trolley filled with shopping bags leisurely. She she…

"Ah, erm, are you Miss Yumesaki's--"

The moment I was about to continue.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

She yelled.

Ah dratz....I messed up after all, didn't I?

"W-wa, that's a misunderstanding! Erm, I."

"Somebody save me! It's the kiddy transvestite from before--! Somebody save me--!"

Kiddy transvestite? What in the world is that?

Flustered, I'm unable to do anything, at my wits end.

And then, the passers-by uncles and the uncles nearby all gathered around, ostensibly gathering around this shocked aunty. They're all uncles.

And then, they grabbed my shoulder firmly--

"Ah, wait, please let go of me! I'm not a weird--"

"Are you that kiddy transvestite?"

"And you dare attack Mdm Hinako while she's hurting!"

"And you even yelled **'save me, mama!'**. We never settled the debt with you!"

"Yeah yeah. You're so presumptuous when you're talking!"

I'm being questioned by all sorts of people for reasons I don't understand. That madam's covering her face with both hands, looking extremely terrified. Argh, enough already.

"Listen to me already! I got some things I have to say no matter what! Leave aside what happened in the past and just listen to me already!"

I tried my best to yell, but the uncles continued to interrogate me.

And the uncles yell back in displeasure, saying things like 'You're kidding here!', 'we're protecting Mdm Hinako!'

Damn it, in that case...

"I want to talk about 'Miss Hikari'! Please!"

I inadvertently call out her name.

And then, I regretted.

The surrounding atmosphere changed at that instance.

Nobody was growling at me this time, just coldness.

And the proof of that was the sudden punch sent flying at me from a blind spot.

It's a firm fist. If not for my massive body, I would surely collapse at that instant.

Behind the utterly infuriated uncles was the madam, who's obviously looking extremely pale, collapsing onto the ground weakly. This is bad.

"Enough already, you shitty brat..."

"Do you know how much Mdm Hinako's suffering here?"

Their rage continued to fault me.

I know that. Of course I know about that. However, she's the only one I can rely on here.

I don't know anything about Hikari Yumesaki.

I can't understand her at all. With regards to this, I'm completely different from her mother. All I can do now basically amounts to groveling around on the dirt.

I gulp down the rustic saliva and grit, and prone myself onto the floor.

I guess this is what it means by getting on my knees to beg. And so, with all my might, I yell,

"One of the Yumesaki's teachings! ③ can only done after 18 years old!"

My words caused everyone around me to be stumped.

What are you saying here? That seemed to be what they were wondering.

However, Mdm Hinako's reaction is different from theirs, and the proof is that she's staring at me with a strange look.

"Please! Just listen to me once! I beg of you!"

"Pardon my intrusion..."
Released from the surrounding uncles, I passed through the watermelon fields, and was called to the Yumesakis house.

The uncles were still rather wary of me, but Mdm Hinako suddenly shouted,

"Sorry, it's a misunderstanding! Isn't this Hikari's friend, Mr Frightening? Ah, that expression's as scary as usual~"

And it's takes to this questionable reply that I was released. Anyway, according to what was said, I can truly say "Ah, this is really Hikari Yumesaki's mother". I guess the naming sense really passed on well to her daughter.

"Oh."

We passed the hard-packed dirt, and while walking on the creaking corridor that had aged, I found a cat. It's a black cat. The grey eyes are

staring right at me. Speaking of which, I do remember that girl saying that she did rear a cat before.

"Please come in. I shall brew some tea."

I bow politely to Mdm Hinako, who hurried off, and duck in through the short lintel.

While the weak sunlight shines in through the room, I proceed to sit in a *seiza*. I can hear my heart thumping in this quiet room. Ahh, I'm feeling tense.

After a well, Mdm Hinako came over with a tray in hand.

She brewed green tea, and it's very fragrant.

"You really shocked me there. I never thought anyone would know about the Yumesakis' teachings. Did you hear this from Hikari?"

"Yeah, sorry."

I meekly lower my head as I accept the tea. "Don't be nervous", she told me, and so I relaxed my feet. Calm down now.

She, after taking a little sip of tea, smiled at me with a gentle face.

Feeling a little embarrassed, I lower my head, and then, I hear her giggle.

"Hey, can you tell me your name?"

"Ah, it's Akitsuki Sakamoto. Well, I used to get on well with Hikari, back then."

She nod away delightedly in response to my voice. I hope it's just me when I see her happy looking face being a little worn out.

"Well, I'm really sorry about before. I came over uninvited, and caused confusion..."

I guess I better apologize first.

I can somewhat guess that she used my body and caused quite a massive commotion. Anyway, Mdm Hinako's confused over Hikari Yumesaki's death, I think. Things got complicated because of that.

"Ohoho, don't mind about that. I should be the one apologizing for stomping on that important place of yours back then. I'm really sorry about that. Are you alright now? Can you still use it?"

"Huh? Eh, what?"

Wh-what now?

"Is it still swollen? Shall I have a look at it?"

"N-no, I'm fine here! It's okay even if it's a little swollen."

I don't know what she's infering, but it looks like it's something really shocking. Anyway, let's not talk about this now.

"Is that so? So you're Hikari's friend..."

"Yes..."

"Hmmmm."

"...?"

Wh-what now?

"That kid's really quite capable herself."

"Huh?"

"Oh hoh. Friends? So, in other words..."

Mdm Hinako mutters this softly as she hugged her own body. And then, she pointed the index finger--

"It's that kind of relationship you mustn't do, right?"

"Whhaattt!!?"

I choked hard here. Wait, wh-what the!

"It-it's a misunderstanding!"

"You're lying. That kid's cute, right? She's adorable, isn't she?"

"No, that's--!"

"But that kid has some strange interests. You sure she didn't do anything weird to you?"

"No, wait, that's--"

"Really? That kid's been reading some strange novels. I thought she was reading a novel about love between girls, but when I read it, I found that it was a novel about 5 little girls playing basketball. Also, there's the recent trend of novels with those handsome guys appearing on it. I was intending to bury them along with her too~"

"Argh, don't say it already!"

What's with this person!? Sh-she actually read those things! And said it with such calmness to boot.

Pressured by her as she pointed her index finger, I could only smile back wryly. I guess this is to be expected of Yumesaki's mother; her interests really differ from the norm.

"Ahem."

I clear my throat and return back to my usual pace. No, this isn't it, I'm not here to hear you talk about these things.

"I'm here to return this."

Trying my best not to look at her in the eyes, I hand over the student handbook.

The student handbook's all tattered, but it's still something that girl left behind, and it's not something I should have.

However, I was unable to return this before this moment.

Because I didn't have the courage to accept what was written inside that student notebook.

"...Oh. Thank you, Akitsuki."

Mdm Hinako slowly received the student handbook, and flipped through the pages tenderly, ostensibly stroking it, seemingly scared of hurting herself.

"It probably took you lots of courage to bring this over, I guess?"

"Th-that's not the case..."

"If that kid told you about our teachings, I suppose she really likes you, Akitsuki."

The gloomy voice enters my ears comfortably.

It's a gentle, mellow voice, ostensibly not knowing if it could hurt others. Surely, that girl's voice is the same too.

"Hey, Akitsuki, what do you think about that girl?"

"Eh? Ah, well..."

I'm suddenly faced with an unexpected question. E-erm, how do I answer this...

"She's cheerful, energetic... and I got into all sorts of troubles because of her... anyway,  it's never boring whenever I'm with her, and..."

Though I've some words I want to say, I find myself unable to say them due to embarrassment.

I also realize this is the only chance to talk about some things. This is the only thing I can say however.

"That kid's actually quite fragile."

"Huh?"

"She's just putting on a front. She is quite the mischievous kid, but she really cried a lot when she was younger. She was prone to being dejected, timid."

"..."

"She always said that she wanted to change herself because of who she was. It's like a mantra, whether it was the beginning of Middle School, or the next day after something bad happened to her, she says that she'll become a hero who can save others. However, people simply can't change that easily. Whenever things don't go her way, or she fails, she ends up crying. Whenever she says she'll get stronger, she'll end up crying the next day. She's really a useless kid."

Mdm Hinako open a certain page of the student handbook, her eyes staring at it as she continues on,

"She looked like she did change a little when she entered High School. Oh ho ho, ever since she became a High School student, she was sneaking around, doing some things. And then, when I had a look, I found a bunch of weird light novels and mangas. She really is an extremely curious girl after all, I suppose; she was collecting those anime shows with many girls appearing and novels with only boys in them, and she looked really happy, like she finally found something she liked. She played together with her friends who had similar interests, and started smiling more. When she was young, she was very reactive to others, so she had a mischievous personality, always looking to tease others and enjoy herself. She's still the crybaby from before, but she'll revert back to being an energetic kid with a smile the next day. It's just a little bit, but she was certainly becoming stronger by the moment, and it really made me relieved. As long as she's being all energetic, I would feel really happy. That's why I always wanted to take care of her, to support her quietly; even if she ended up suffering, she

had to continue working hard, and not feel defeated. I really, really love that kid, but on that day--"

Mdm Hinako opened that page.

I don't know whether it was out of coincidence, or whether it was deliberate.

Thanks to the plastic cover protecting the book, the last page of the student handbook wasn't drenched, and managed to survive. That's the reason why I couldn't hand this student handbook back. Written on it is her last message.

**"I can't live on alone in this world anymore. The ones connecting my life to this world are the cold, yet gentle eyes."**
This was the final message to the world that was without her.
Yes, this was her will.

She definitely did not die of an accident.

She--committed suicide.

Those were the last words written on the student handbook. I saw Hikari Yumesaki in her final moments.

That girl has always been trying to hide her secret.

And it's a fact that I can't accept.

However, I can't just allow myself to watch by the sidelines.

If I want to continue on, I will have no choice but to accept everythig here.

"...Did you already know. That...Miss Hikari, her life..."

Mdm Hinako accepted this fact more readily than what I could expect. That smiling face looked ever so painful to me.

"I'm not sure, I guess. Maybe I did have a feeling after all. That girl wasn't doing too well at school."

"..."

"I'm an idiot, am I not? I know about it, but I didn't do anything about it. I fail as a mother."

"But that's..."

*Not*. I stopped myself from saying those words.

I know nothing about Hikari Yumesaki, and of course, I don't know anything about her mother.

Being like that, what can I say at this point? Do I have the right to talk about others? I'm ultimately just an outsider, just someone that appears on the staff roll at the epilogue after the customers have after left, a person who only appeared after there is no one left to watch. What do I know here?

However, it's still a fact that she needed you. It's because she couldn't rely on you for help that she ended up shut in me like a coffin. She's only able to cry.

"Sorry, but I'm fine here. I've always accepted the fact that she's no longer here."

"...Is that so?"

"Seriously. There was this friend of hers from Middle School who once came over here. He's really a handsome boy, and was doing his best to encourage this dejected me. At that moment, I decided that for that girl's sake, I will continue to live on. I will definitely continue to live on."

She continued to repeat herself, either for me, or for herself to hear.

Don't say it. Stop saying such things already.

Because I'm not that strong either.

"..."

In the midst of the silence, I recalled the words Mdm Hinako said.

--That kid's actually quite fragile.

I was completely wrong all along.

I thought she was always always an idiot before she appeared in my life, always doing stupid things. I thought she was that kind of wilful person, that she was Hikari Yumesaki.

But this wasn't the case.

She would have times when she's depressed over her own death.

She would have times when she regretted over what happened with Kasumi.

And she's having her own worries about the vengeance Kazeshiro had.

And she wished to meet her mother, but is unable to continue on, and end up spending the night alone.

She's harboring all the tears within herself, unable to like a spoilt child, and could only act tough so clumsily.

"..."

**--I finally obtained a delinquent's body I always wanted! I now fear nothing!**

I recall her words.

I guess she wasn't joking back then.

She wanted to be stronger. That's why she felt incompetent when she's reborn in my body, and wanted to try living on again, not as Hikari Yumesaki, but as Akituki Sakamoto, as my other half.

That girl never said anything about herself when she was alive. Perhaps she was trying to abandon her past, and it's because of this that she remained at the watermelon fields, unwilling to continue on. She doesn't want this most important person, the one she's living with, to get involved, but because of fate, she met Kazeshiro, who wanted revenge.

"I'll hand this to you.""

A solemn sound slid across the top of the student handbook placed on the tale.

"That girl's really fragile, always wanting to be stronger, and cried several times due to numerous setbacks. But she's kinder than anyone else."

Yeah, I know that.

"When there's a kid crying, she'll cry with him, and she'll protect those weaker than her. She's really a kind girl who's kinder than anyone else, the kindest person in the world."

I know that. I know that very well.

"So I hope that you won't forget about that kid's kindness. When you look at that student handbook, I hope that you'll think about her, even if it's just a little.

"..."

A kind girl.

A girl who's kinder than anyone else.

And that's why she got hurt as a result.

Suffering alone, being lonely in a place I don't know of.

"...Can I come back again?"

My trembling voice is corroded by tears.

"I've a friend who's always suffering, going through hardships. That girl's really kind, but also very fragile. However, I can't even comfort her. I guess it's because I'm too weak--. Thus, until I become stronger, until I become strong enough to support that girl, please allow me to come back, to this place where Hikari Yumesaki slept so peacefully--"

My eyes were staring at the world with the sun's eye sifting through the thick clouds.

The tears blurred my vision, and her beautiful face is faltering.

"Akitsuki."

That clear voice permeated through my heart.

"Please come back. I shall always be waiting for you."

Definitely.

No matter whether I'm crying or sad, I'll always make sure this girl's by her mother's side.

I'll let her mother wipe her tears in my place, because I can't do that.

And I whimpered in this dim, dazzling world.

"Please enter."
I stepped inside.

The smell of the tatami reachme in this world filled with sleeping-like silence.

"Ah..."

Over there is a Buddhist altar.

There's some shadow due to the backlight, and she looks like she's sleeping.

"...We finally meet."

I smile at this white world.

The girl's photo was placed behind the incense.

That girl was so pretty, prettier than I thought.

Hikari Yumesaki.

The lonely girl who form my other half.

I see that she inherited the rich, pretty black hair from her mother. The large, distinct eyes somehow gave an innocent vibe, and the thin lips raised upwards ostensibly described all the pranks she pulled till this point. I can see some determination from her thin nose bridge and the eyebrows that were brimming with strength. However, I can't say that she's strong.

I suppose that's her graduation photo. It's a photo I find inexplicable as she seems like she's still trying to say something. She, dressed in uniform, was holding the graduate scroll delightedly, giving a strange pose. I guess that's the thing, the anime poses that used to be trendy. I did imitate those too.

And so, I realize.

Hikari Yumesaki had died because of this world.

And Mdm Hinako lost her precious daughter because of that.

The story of Hikari Yumesaki within her had ended.

And Hikari Yumesaki would never call her 'mother' again.

It's really a cruel fact.

"Ho ho, it looks like she really likes this pose. There are quite a lot of photos with that pose. Here, have a look."

Mdm Hinako carefully handed over a white album.

Contained inside it are all the memories from her birth till her death.

"Hikari Yumesaki, huh...?"

Crying when she was born.

Sleeping with her mouth open.

Smiling innocently as she stood.

Carrying the bright backpack.

Crying in delight due to passing the result releases.

Giving a mature look while dressed in uniform.

This is the life of Hikari Yumesaki I did not know of.

At least, I finally noticed.

The true form of this cuteness.

How much I thought about Hikari Yumesaki.

I've fallen in love with her.

I've fallen in love with this girl I'll never meet.

And that's why I'm in pain.

That's why I--

"Huh? This is--"

I point at an unnatural blank space of the album.

There's one sudden blank space in the album that was completely filled.

"Ahh, 'I'll like to have one of her photo', that is what one of Hikari's friends said. And so, I gave him a photo with everyone in his classmate. 'I'll make everyone remember about Hikari', I remember that's what he said anyway. Do you know what he meant by that? Ah, you can have one too. If you like one, please take it."

"...Can you tell me about that guy?"

"Hm? About Mr Kazeshiro? Like Hikari, he's in Takiou High. He looks quite the decent person, really a handsome guy. I even thought that girl was impressive for having such foresight."

"..."

It all came together.

Kazeshiro's revenge.

Hikari Yumesaki's suicide.

The words Kazeshiro left behind, the class photo he took.

And Takiou High.

--I'm not sure, I guess. Maybe I did have a feeling after all. That girl wasn't doing too well at school.
I recalled Mdm Hinako's words.
And then, I recalled that guy's unhealthy looking skin.

I'm sorry, but I do not intend to watch by the sidelines now.

I don't know what you're planning here, but if you made Hikari Yumesaki suffer, I'm not going to forgive you.

"Kazeshiro...huh...?"

Time stop as I stand in front of Hikari Yumesaki, and I make up my mind.

I'll definitely, definitely think of a way.

Definitely, definitely.

Let us talk about what happened afterwards.
Mdm Hinako gradually got into a high whenever she flipped through the photo album and talked proudly about her daughter, stuffing my stomach full with cakes and sweets as she directed the topic into her school life and her youth days. A few hours passed as a result, and it is only when this mother has run out of power that I'm released. I'm tired.

As a gift, she gave me three watermelons that were grown from the vinyl houses, but while I try to refuse,

"Aren't you a boy~? Hikari herself won't be satisfied with this alone, don't you think? Even though she's no longer around~"

Unable to comment about that, I'm left with no choice but to carry them. In more ways than one, this really is a heavy gift.

"Bye now. Please come back again, Mr Akitsuki! It's a chance for forbidden soap opera! Fufu."

"Ah, huh…?"

Is that a trendy line or something? I remember your daughter saying something like that. This really is a funny mother.

The sun is again hidden behind the clouds, and beneath them, I bow to Mdm Hinako before leaving.

The one off-topic line she suddenly says is something I'll never ever forget, I think.

"You really are a kind person yourself."

What is she saying?

I open the notebook as time stand still.

Leaning quietly onto the back of the chair, I proceed to read on from the very first page.

Both she and I are cohabiting together. There are times when we get angry, times when we're happy. Angry, happy, angry, angry...now that I look back at it, both of us were always squabbling.

And so, on a certain page, I stopped.

**"You did it, hero."**
"..."
I tenderly touch the words she wrote.

"Hero, huh?"

The girl who wished to be a hero lost to the world. However, she dared to stand back up again. This time, just this time, I have to be ready too.

And so, to become a hero--

"I've decided."

I swear to you, who's no longer on this world.

I'll never run away. I'll never be dejected.

If you're kinder than anyone else, as your other half, I have decided.

"I'll definitely, definitely stop that guy. Just watch."

Inside the dim room of ours.

I reach my hand out to the sun that can't be seen.

## CUT 6

# Tomorrow, I will die, you will revive.

"...No can do, huh?"

It's a rest day in early July, and the low lying grey clouds are as depressing as ever.

I let out a sigh as I face the icy notebook.

On the day I visited Mdm Hinako.

I decided to confess everything to Hikari Yumesaki.

This matter has to be mentioned to her one day; it's meaningless to drag this on.

And on that day, I place the student handbook on the desk, writing in the notebook,

"You wanted to kill yourself because you went through a lot of painful things, and I didn't understand that you were forced into that situation. It may be abrupt for me to say this now, but I'll definitely stop Kazeshiro in your place. Can you please tell me what happened?"

I'm going to step into the darkness that girl's been hiding.

And of course, I assumed the worst.

I don't know what Hikari Yumesaki would think after reading this diary. Maybe she'll be unable to hold in her emotions anymore and end up crying. Things may get worse as a result.

But I gambled.

That the girl may have gotten stronger.

And so, right now, it's two days later.

There's still no reply on the notebook, just lies and words of pretense as usual.

**"You're mistaken, Sakamoto. Trust me and leave me alone!"**

"Is your trust of me only this much?"

It looks like I still haven't gotten that girl's trust, and I close my notebook while feeling a little dejected. Honestly, I never thought that I could get a reply from Hikari Yumesaki. If I'm unable to get a reply from her, I might as well ask around from others.

"Wait for me, Hikari Yumesaki."

Under the cloudy skies that looked ready to rain, I dash out of the house.

Even the weather's being so depressing towards us, damn it.

Having read my sister's blog over the past few days, I understood something.

Like usual, I went to meet Kazeshiro the previous day. Normally, she was the one who went looking for him after school, and at a certain time during the holidays. The blog does not have any entries on their conversations, so I'm ultimately unable to tell what they're talking about. However, that girl's really not good at lying. The feelings she had regarding the outcome of the conversations is clearly reflected in my sister's ample worry.

***"Big brother went out to meet Kazeshiro. Big brother was looking very depressed when they separated! What's going on here? I can't help but continue with my delusions...!"***

"Why are you always looking at everything like it's BL...well, whatever."

Anyway, even if I don't know the details of the revenge plot, I can at least do something to counter.

But thanks to this diary, I'm gradually able to keep track of Kazeshiro's movements.

He'll normally head to school during the day, and head home immediately after school.

And during the important weekends, Kazeshiro would surely head to a certain place at a certain time every Saturday. It seems Hikari Yumesaki noticed this too, and she tried making contact with him at this time.

And so, I can only do this.

"Do I wait here?"

It's not really the neighboring town, just at the verge of the streets.

There's a lot of greenery around me, with graves built on a gentle slope.

The plants growing wildly are not pruned in any ways, and it looks like there's going to be lots of bugs coming out this season. It's really a good thing that it's cloudy today.

That guy would always visit this place whenever it was a rest day. Right before 5pm, in fact.

As for what that time meant, I knew very well.

"You came...!"

I hid in the ahade of the parking lot, located slightly afar from the graveyard entrance, and tailed Kazeshiro the moment I found him.

He entered through the empty reception area, holding a basket and broom as he walked in. Once he arrived at a certain place, he started to clean it up.

There's no need to ask what it was.

It's her grave.

The proof that my other half had once lived.

And the proof that she died.

The bamboo broom sweeping the stone steps sounded like the rumbling skies bellowing

And then, the boy swapped the water in the flowers, and placed new flowers in it. Once he offered incense, he offered some 'Koala March'--the one thing she really liked when she was alive. Then he silently clapped his hands together...

It was 4.59pm, the time when she died.

Kazeshiro's prayer face was ever so solemn.

The thin eyes of his opened slightly, and I could someone sense some anguish in his eyes. Even as a guy, I can't help but think, 'wow, this guy's really cool'--

"How about you come out here, Sakamoto?"

"Huh!?"

I was picked out without warning.

And I, hiding behind the fence, could only appear without making any sort of resistance.

"Y-yo..."

"It's you after all, huh? You always appear like this."

I really can't bring myself to interrupt someone who's praying. I guess Hikari Yumesaki probably thought the same thing.

"What do you want today? I'm sorry, but if you're going to continue harrassing me about that incident, my patience will reach its limits. I'll be angry."

His tone sounded a lot colder compared to how it was before. It looks like Hikari Yumesaki was getting really anxious and tried to go straight to the point, asking him about it.

"There's a person very important to me sleeping here. I don't want to squabble in front of her."

Kazeshiro muttered to himself without bothering to look at me.

However, I can't back down at this point. What's the point of me coming here if I do?

But even so, now's not the time to say 'stop it', or 'did something' happen. And thus, I said,

"Kazeshiro."

"What?"

"My body contains Hikari Yumesaki's soul."

"..."

A tense atmosphere filled the space.

It looks like he's really angry now. Or rather, it's obvious, I guess? I can tell from this atmosphere that he really hates me now. Now I'm 'bad' to him.

"Is that so. I didn't know."

"I'm not lying here. Hikari Yumesaki and I exchange personalities every single day."

Kazeshiro sounded really calm, and I'm trying my best to answer as such.

It'll be a good thing if i can believe me. If this can be a turning point, even better.

"Every morning, at 4.59am, that's the vanishing point for me. The me that met you yesterday wasn't me, but Hikari Yumesaki. And the one who called herself Sexy Dream is Hikari Yumesaki, and she's the one who said her dad's a rugby player. The one who drank coffer with you at the cafe and is standing in front of you is the real Akitsuki Sakamoto."

"Hm, that's great. So you actually know about Hikari Yumesaki after all. Well, whatever."

It looks like he's not even bothered to talk to me anymore as he looked completely emotionless. The speed of his speech has increased a little, and it sounds like he's holding in his rage.

He's ignoring me? Then I'll continue.

"It's really troublesome to have her living with me. She just wouldn't listen to me, and is always teasing me. However, it's a good thing if she's happy."

This time, I spoke fluently like I never did before.

"I'm on relatively good terms with her, and there was once when she even called me handsome. I do remember her saying, 'I'll go out with you if I were still alive'. Well, I don't really care though."

I do feel shameful saying some things that never actually happened, but I'm left with no choice at this point. If I want to get someone to say their true thougts, I'll have to agitate him first.

And as I planned, it's super-effective.

"...Enough already, Sakamoto. What are you getting at?"

I'm a little overwhelmed by his pressure.

I can't help but avert my eyes, but I can't let this happen. I have confidence in my looks; in a bad way.

"That Hikari Yumesaki's now dead, saying that she'll stop you, Kazeshiro. Now that she said all this, I can't just--"

And I got punched.

He came running at me with fury, giving me a straight punch without a word.

You're really good at fighting. Damn it, it hurts. My nose hurts...

"I thought you were just a strange guy, but I know you're completely mad. It'll be better if I didn't get involved with you."

And Kazeshiro spoke anxiously, seemingly spitting as he looked down.

"D-don't ever get involved with me. Stay away from me as far as possible."

After saying that, Kazeshiro turned away to leave.

"Wait!"

But I can't let him leave like that.

If it were Hikari Yumesaki, she'll probably end up sobbing away. However, I'm not such a gentle person.

"That girl still wouldn't admit that she committed suicide!"

Kazeshiro stopped.

His breathing was erratic, his pale face filled with shock as he looked over at me.

"I know about about it! That she killed herself! I know that she went through some unpleasant things at Takiou High! You wanted revenge because of that, right?"

My legs are quivering, my lips are shivering, but I can't stop here.

"I saw it all, how that girl died!"

I open the student handbook that was inside my pocket, seemingly showing it to the world.

The proof that had lost its owner, abandoned under the cloudy skies.

"The last message is written here! That girl killed herself on that day! She suddenly walked off the pedestrian pathway, got knocked down by a taxi, and died immediately! The image of what happened that day still lingers in my mind. Why did she kill yhersefl? Who are you trying to take revenge on!? If you know, tell me!!"

I was practically howling tearfully.

No, maybe I was really crying.

"..."

It's a world of aching silence.

The glass-like air feels like it'll hurt us if it blows.

And my nose bridge that was hit was aching.

And so, when the winds finally stopped, I heard a groan.

"Seriously...what's with you...always saying such vague things. It seems like you did see Hikari's death after all. I'll tell you why she wanted to die then."

Kazeshiro turned his back on me, and looked up into the distant sky.

He probably did not want to go back to being the center of the world again.

He did not want to be the protagonist any longer.

"I first met her when we both entered High School. We were in the same class, and Hikari, who was already pretty herself, was quite the popular person. At that moment, she wasn't someone I paid much attention to.

I can't see his face, but it seems like he's smiling for some reason.

Or maybe it's just me.

"My first impression of her was about a week after school started. There was once when I opened the shoe locker, and found a letter inside. I felt like there was something heavy it, and opening it was already a chore to begin with. And then, feeling frustrated, I gave up and dumped the letter away. The next day, Hikari suddenly came to me said, **"Won't a normal guy try their best to read until the end? It's rare that I'm able to come up with one big prank and stuff a love letter to a guy in your shoe locker! You even give a look like you're gay or something!**" at that time, I thought she was just a troublemaker, and I ignored her."

It seems that girl really liked to play such pranks for quite a while. She really didn't change.

"And then, my next impression of her was when she got involved in a dispute in class. It was just a random quarrel between teacher and student,

and though she got nothing to do with this, she butted in, saying that we shouldn't be violent, and tackled someone.  That really was very impressionable. I really thought she was an idiot. And then, she was the one who got lectured most as a result."

I can easily imagine that scene.

The Hikari Yumesaki I knew of is the same as the Hikari Yumesaki he knew of.

"A lot of such things happened afterwards, and as far as I know, there were a few times when there were guys having quarrels with each other, yet she butted in with a broom, causing the situation to heat up. There was a time when she saw a girl beaten by her boyfriend, and she threw the fruit punch she was drinking right at him, only to miss her target. At that time, she was even called out by the teacher, telling her not to be a busybody."

I too feel that she's being too much of a busybody. Why must she be proactive and involve herself in such troublesome things? That 'why' is something I can't understand.

"On a certain day, because of a class meeting, both of us were left alone. We were supposed to be just working, but that girl was spouting nonsense all the way, not doing anything at all. At that time, I asked, "Why are you being such a busybody?" If she didn't do anything, she could have lived a steady life. Guess what her answer was? I want to be stronger, she said. That's why, to be stronger, I have to continue doing good things, she continued. Her words were so ridiculous that I was speechless. I suppose that was the

moment when I started to be concerned with her. When she was in trouble, I would be able to help her.

Kazeshiro continued on blankly, reminiscing all about her and seemingly not wanting to make any mistakes.

"But I was scared, scared that the fact about me being bullied would be discovered by her."

Saying till this point, Kazeshiro turned to face me directly.

His unhealthy white face was contorted with the curse of his memories.

"A year ago, I was excluded by my classmates. The students in high school were secretly extorting me for money. They said I was too arrogant. You do understand, right?"

"Ahh--"

"I was worried that this would be revealed one day. Just hiding this fact alone took me all my effort, but that girl just got involved with me casually. I don't know if she's worried about me not having any friends, but she said that we should be allies of justice, that a girl has her limits no matter what. That was the first time someone made me a request, and it's Hikair, who's extremely popular in class. Feeling so proud of myself, I agreed to help. It was just my single-minded wish, but I didn't want to earn praise from anyone else, nor did I think of helping her. However, however, I--"

Kazeshiro lifted his head at the sky, and swallowed back the words he could no longer convey.

"But naturally, I couldn't continue to hide that thing, and the fact of me being bullied was revealed. I never thought that I would be so ashamed, but she still continued to be my friend, to be with this pitiful, shameful me. What she did was a mistake however."

Kazeshiro's eyes were dyed black.

Like a deep, deep hole carved out.

"I was always being bullied, and then I had a girl protecting me? I found that to be even more shameful. And then, I directed...my anger at Hikari. Even I couldn't understand why matters ended up like that, and I know how despicable it was of me to do that. I told her not to get involved with me however, that it was because of her that things ended up like that."

This memory seemed to sting Kazeshiro hard, and he seemed to be suffering as her continued.

"After that, I was always taking breaks, trying my best not to meet Hikari. What happened afterwards? This time, it was Hikari who got bullied. She got into a dispute with our classmates because of me, and the people in school ignored all these things. Nobody dared to stand up for her. No matter how I look at this, it's all my fault; I was the one who drove her to such a state. However, I continued to ignore her. Hikari tried to call me, but I didn't have the guts to pick up the phone. She's just so dazzling to me.

Slowly, I became unable to tell who I should hurt, and I ended up hating the one most important friend to me. On a certain day, Hikari sent me a message. It was like a will, and it was her last message to me Looking at the time, it seems like it was sent not long before her death. The police said that she died of an accident, but I know very well that she killed herself. I can no longer live on, and I too seek death. I can't just die like this though. If those guys making Hikari suffer are still alive, I can't just die like this."

Kazeshiro barely manages to catch his breath,

He looks like he's in pain, suffering, seemingly rejected the fact that he's still alive.

"Do you want to kill off those guys who bullied her...?"

I was barely able to utter those words out.

Kazeshiro slowly shook his head, his eyes dyed black, showing no signs of denying it.

"I want them to regret it all their lives, a pain similar to the one that caused Hikari to kill herself."

He showed a pained look as he spoke, and clearly, he was trembling.

"What do you want to do?"

"...Sorry, I can't reveal more than that. Go back now, that's enough already."

Is that all I can do? I was not that cold hearted to go 'I see. Bye then' after hearing those somber words.

"Tell me already, Kazeshiro. If you don't ask me, the me tomorrow, Hikari Yumesaki will ask you again tomorrow."

"...You're saying that again? That should be enough out of you already."

That's annoying. I still have to say it, no matter how many times it takes.

"That girl and I exchange diary entries, and we report in on our current situations. If you're going to be silent, I'm going to write 'Kazeshiro hates Hikari Yumesaki' Do you seriously want that?"

"...I don't hate her."

"It doesn't matter whether it's the truth or not. If I write it, it becomes truth. She'll definitely believe in whatever I say. What do you intend to do? Even if she does hate--"

"SHUT UP!"

Kazeshiro's growl echoed through the air, and the atmosphere's filled with tension.

"That's stupid...what do you mean by her soul's in you? That's ri--"

"It's so true I can't do anything about it! She's my other half! Right now--"

"Whatever, I get it now! I'll tell you then! I'm going to de! I've decided to kill myself on Hikari's birthday, but I'm not going to die so quietly. I'm going to gether a bulk of media and onlookers and kill myself openly. I already left a message on the imageboards indicating when I'll do that, getting everyone's attention. After that, with my death, my revenge will begin."

Kazeshiro took a deep breath, and glared at me.

"I'm going to divulge everything to the media and everyone around me before I die, the truth behind her death, how she was actually bullied, the personal information behind all those that bullied her. I'm going to reveal everything related to her death. As for what happened afterwards--do you understand?"

"...!"

"Once the fact that Hikari's bullied is revealed, there will be people doubting if she actually died of an accident. The police will have no choice but to continue investigating again. What happens afterwards will be clear to seen. The report of suicide will be overturned, and the public will be concerned by such things too!"

"...Is that the reason why you want to die?"

"...Sakamoto, have you read the comments online? Those guys will definitely fall for it; a pretty girl kills herself after being shamed, and an infatuated boy killing himself out of revenge. Those who bullied her will be

bashed. I want those guys to have that guilt they'll never be able to get rid of."

Kazeshiro vented out the darkness in his heart as he look up at the sky in pain.

Looking extremely pale, he seem to have given up on everything.

"This is my revenge, Sakamoto. As someone involved, help me stir things up after I die."

"Are you kidding me."

"Yeah, kidding. Hahaha."

Something...seems a little strange about this.

"That girl...Hikari Yumesaki, definitely doesn't wish for this."

"I guess. I can't be the hero she yearns for, but to me, that's enough."

Kazeshiro turns away from me.

I have a feeling he won't be looking back at me, or it's just me.

"I'll die, and Hikari will revive, in everyone's memories."

Kazeshiro expressed all the despair in his heart.

And towards that pitch black back, I say out my last struggle."

"I'll definitely stop you, Kazeshiro, definitely...! Even if it's for that girl." .

"If you can, just try. Even if Hikari's heart never was mine, I won't lose to anyone if it's my feelings for her. I'll stand up for her no matter how many times it takes."

And the annoying sound of the gravel was left behind.

Also,

After that declaration, Kazeshiro left me with these words.

"Your life is filled with joy."

"Huh?"

"Sorry for beating you up just now."

And then, he left.

The black sky was chiding me.

"No reply...?"

I was a little devastated to see that there was nothing written in the notebook.

That was to be expected. I didn't expect Hikari Yumesaki's mind to change during these one, two days, and I don't have the mood to be downhearted because of this.

It has been 2 days since Kazeshiro swore vengeance, July 9th.

Ever since then, I had been racking my brains, thinking of how to stop him.

That guy's trying to use his own death to gain attention, and exact vengeance on the guys at school through the media and internet.

"Wah, things really got serious, huh?"

As Kazeshiro said, his revenge plot is centered around creating controversy on the internet.

The source of it seems to be the foretelling he left on the imageboards, causing people to debate the authencity of it.

Anyway, looking through the info written on the internet, these are what I can tell,

1. The revenge plot will be carried out at July 18, time unknown.

2. It's going to be at the streets near the train station. Exact location unknown.

These are all I could get. It looks like he really intends to exact vengeance on Hikari Yumesaki's birthday July 18.

It's troubling that I don't know the exact time, but he did say he want to attract attention, so I can at least guess the time to be noon or evening.

There are too many possible places he can choose, but this isn't the problem here. It's definitely going to be the cross junction near the station, where Hikari Yumesaki died of an accident. Since he deliberately chose to carry out the plan on Hikari Yumesaki's birthday, the act will definitely happen at the scene.

"Anyway, is this all I can gather?"

To be honest, it's still too little information. I can't do anything with just these.

If I inform the police regarding this, there should be something happening, but it'll be meaningless. If I can't heal his psychological wound, locking him in jail is just delaying the inevitable tragedy. He'll definitely try to kill himself again. No matter what, I have to get Kazeshiro to change his mind.

And then, I find out the biggest issue.

The day of Hikari's birthday is July 18.

Unfortunately, I'm not in control of my body on that day.

I tried calculating the number of days backwards, but the results are all the same, and I can't do anything. In other words, I can't do anything on the day of his vengeance.

Because of this, Hikari Yumesaki's assistance is needed no matter what...

I write down all the things I heard from Kazeshiro, regarding the revenge plot, the message that was like a will, all the memories. Hikari Yumesaki never gave me a reply after that though. Thinking about that girl's inner heart, I feel that there's no way out this time.

"Better make it."

I mutter to myself in a prayerful manner.

And I then write down the same things I wrote two days later.

**"We have to stop Kazeshiro. I need to know some memories only you and him know of. Tell me no matter what it is. Please."**

Other than that, there was nothing else I could do about her. I could only believe in her and continue waiting. In the meantime, I have other preparations to do, so I head out of my room.

Anyway, the most important information I have now is Kazeshiro's actions.

He intends to kills himself on Hikari Yumesaki's birthday.

But how does he intend to do that?

Can his plan really work with everyone watching?

To understand this, I need to investigate Kazeshiro's actions. As a novice stalker, I'll be caught. I was already caught once.

And so, I thought of the trump card I have.

"Sorry. Can I get you to repeat that again?"

Right now, I'm seated in a seiza in my sister's room, lowering my head and asking."

"Please help me stalk that guy called Kazeshiro!"

Trump card number 1, little Yukiko.

There's no doubt things will go smoothly if she's involved. As for the reason for this, there's no need to say.

"...Why do you want me to do such things? And who's this Mr Kazeshiro?"

My little sister continues to play dumb until the end. Well, it doesn't matter now

"Kazeshiro's the one who drank coffee with me at the South Polar Star the last time. I guess you were stalking him every day after that, so anyway, tell me anything that goes on no matter what."

"Why must Yukiko be helping here?"

"Because it's difficult for me as I'm too easy to spot. You're better than me in this, right?"

"Compared to big brother...but why do you want to know?"

"I want to know more about that guy."

"Huh?"

My sister's face froze like an ocean sunfish.

As you know, this girl's fetishes is known to me. Thus, I'm making use of this.

"Please. It looks like he's dating a guy I don't know of behind my back. I'm still really pissed about it. What is this feeling... I wonder..."

"Ah, eh, ehhhh...?"

See? She fell for it.

"Because of this, I'm a little curious about Kazeshiro. So please! Help me out here!"

"I-I'm curious! T-this jealousy is too cute, moe...!"

Her head all flushed, my little sister continued to stammer.

Very good. Just as planned. Now for a little push.

"Promise me here, Yukiko. That Kazeshiro's next action may involve my life! I'm serious!"

"L-li-life!? H-have you and Mr Kazeshiro been like this?"

"Yeah, of course!"

My powerful declaration dealt a decisive blow to my little sister, and after hearing it, she was screaming by herself, her face dazzling as she looks up at me.

"...U-understood. I'll do my best for my big brother! I'll try my best not to hand him over to any other guy!"

"As expected of my little sister! You'll help me here, right?"

"Yes! I'll help myself!"

Once I heard this vague sounding replying, I again lower my head at my little sister, and leave the room. It looks like things will get very troublesome later on, but for the time being at least, it's going well.

"Now then, time to call those guys."

I slide through the cellphone address book as I run out under the cloudy skies

"--This is your mission. Can you do it?"

"Th-this is too dangerous after all..."

I'm currently at a parking lot behind a certain game center, huddling with a delinquent gang led by the mohawk head as we plotted secretly. To create the atmosphere, the delinquents naturally are seated on the floor, and I'm standing up. My waist hurts.

Trump card number 2, the mohawk head and his cronies.

None of the passers-by dared to approach us, and I'm not sure if it's the strange technocolor hairstyles of these delinquents. I won't have to worry about leaking the information.

"You guys can do this, right? Just spend some time."

"Bu-but...even if it's you asking us for help, Sakamoto."

Right now, I'm completely pumped up, and the mohawk head looks a little tentative. Hey, you're a delinquent, and you're still so cowardly. I guess be became a delinquent because he's a coward. I understand that very well.

"Sakamoto, I'm not doing it after all. If I can, I'll definitely do that, but if we do this, the police will get involved. Our motto is that we don't cause the public nuisance, that we do bad things without obstructing the wonderful future..."

Such a peaceful motto. Then why are you guys delinquents?

But I can't give up here. This is for a wonderful future too.

"Of course, I won't let you do this for nothing. I'll give you benefits."

I open the cellphone, and start up the address book.

I then glance aside at the delinquents who were staring at us, and calmly ask,

"Do you know what's the difference between my address book and yours?"

"Eh? Difference?" "W-what difference?" "Dunno." "Isn't this question too hard?"

Doubt appear on the deliquents' heads, and I say to them,

"The mail addresses recorded here...actually have girls!!"

"WOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!"

The yells from the delinquents caused the space to tremble, and the passers-by to be shocked. I never guessed that I would be making such a pathetic deal with others. This thing called image is really very important, I think.

"How about it? I have more than 30 girls who exchanged mail addresses with me. There are some girls who like me, and some who asked me out for dates. If I ask them to take erotic pictures of themselves, well, have a look"

I flash the erotic pictures in my cellphone for the delinquent to see, and there are pictures with the Kasumi in a G-string and my sister dressed in a O back(!?), and also the dazzling white pantyshot photos of my female classmates...and me in a T-back. *At least respect their privacy by adding eye censors*, I retorted quietly.

"I can easily get such photos."

"That's despicableee!!! Y-You playaaaa!!"

"Well, I don't have interest in such girls."

"WOOOOWWW!! AMAZING!!"

The delinquents are all yelling with their faces flushed, their hands covering their faces.

I'm sorry. Sorry for toying with those pure innocent feelings of yous. I guess it's to be expected of the cellphone application that perverted teacher installed. That 'You'll definitely get a panties shot!' actually worked well at this time. And for the record, I'm not the one who went about taking the photos, it was Hikari Yumesaki; furthermore, I can't delete these photos! Thanks to these embarrassing photos though, I can't grumble much here.

"I got many of these girls who'll obey my every beck and call. Do you know what this means?"

"Gulps..."

"If the operation's successful here, I'll let you guys have two-shots with the girls!"

"WWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWW!!!"

"And I'll arrange for you guys to eat out with them together!"

"WWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWW!!!"

"And then it's all up to you! The bed's groaning!"

"WWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWW!!!"

"Are you doing this!?"

"Of course!!"

The delinquents respond in unison, looking delighted as they shake hands with me one by one. We then did a blood seal oath (we used thick red ink because blood's too scary), and went our seperate ways.

Everything's going to plan. The defense for July 18 is perfect. Now all I need to do is to wait for my sister's report.

I quietly muttered, giving a victory pose as I ride on the bicycle, looking up at the cloudy skies.

...

I think something like a two-shot should be okay...

"Yeah,  it's fine. "

I tried writing using the black marker pen I bought on my way home.

It's an ordinary oil-based marker, and for added precaution, I chose one with an extremely large tip. If everything goes to plan, this pen will be the finishing touch.

It has been a few days since I began preparations for war and mobilized the delinquents. I've done all the preparations I could.

Hikari Yumesaki still has yet to give me any response, but I can only continue to wait. Again, I write down the same things I wrote two days ago in my notebook, and close it.

And then, I open up 'another notebook'.

My little sister Yukiko has been going out early and returning home late recently. Her smile, brimming with self-confidence as she hands it over to me, is the hope of humanity.

Yes. This is Mr Kazeshiro's stalker diary.

The cover has the words '~Autumn Wind(Akikaze)'s rotten lewd leaves~'. Well, I don't understand what that is, and I'm too lazy to be bothered with these trivial stuff. When I received the notebook, I told her 'Don't come into my room, I got something going on', and she was yelping away like a mating ape 'Something!? Kazeshiro time!? Kyaahh!! Kyaahhh!!'. Well, I don't know anymore. She's a gone case.

"Please, any one clue will help here."

I seemingly beg at the cover as I say this, and cautiously open the notebook.

My little sister's handwriting is round and cute like Hikari Yumesaki, but it's a little different in style. It's a little similar to mine, yet not completely. I then scan through what my sister wrote.

And then, I had this firm belief.

That my sister's amazing.

The intel she collected over the past few days is enough to fill up a university sized notebook. There are some photo inserts of Kazeshiro bathing and changing clothes, but at this moment, I'm too lazy to retort. Her stalkerish tendencies will definitely come in place in the future somehow (in a bad way).

I cast aside the excessive thoughts in my mind, and focus on reading the contents of the notebook.

Kazeshiro lives a rhythmic lifestyle, and his actions are basically to go to wake up in the morning, go to school, and return home after class. That alone would make him seem like a NEET. However, there were times where he would deviate from his usual actions. In other words, those were actions related to his 'vengeance'.

*"He left home at 4am. Is it for a walk? He went home without doing anything special. He's showing a scary look. That really left me with quite an impression."*

This alone isn't enough for me to be sure of his plan.

*"It's morning, and he entered an abandoned building illegally. What's he trying to do?"*

Upon seeing this, I start to realize.

*"He's still waking up early. He just brought a large polyethylene tank into that abandoned building. It looks like a difficult job for his slender arms.*

And my imagination became belief.

*"He went to that building in the morning again, spacing out as he looks outside the window, and returned home again."*

"...Is he serious?"

The intel's limited, but I understood from this much.

He wanted to kill himself, still seeking to suffer in an abnormally cruel way. He was already so determined for vengeance.

Again, I click my tongue, reaching out for the notebook I was so familiar with.

"Please, please! Things are really getting unsalvagable here!"

I again requested for Hikari Yumesaki to write about the memories between them.

If my guess is correct, there's no issue about the operation to stop Kazeshiro. Everything will go in place if I don't miss the timing.

But there is a trump card I need no matter what. This plan will not work as long as Hikari Yumesaki does not reply to me.

"I'll definitely stop you...Kazeshiro."

Her birthday's 5 days later, right around the corner.

It's 2 days later, a Sunday.

And I managed to wake up refreshed, something I never experienced for quite a while.

*Did Hikari Yumesaki write it after all!?* Feeling extremely expectant, I hopped out and opened the notebook first.

However,

"Nothing..."

I asked my sister while we were having breakfast. It seems I slept very early the previous day, and that's why I'm feeling good. But that goes against her principle of not staying up.

What do I do now? This is getting really bad.

The operation will happen 3 days later.

I've done all the preparations I can.

There's still one thing.

I just need one more card to get a royal straight flush, and my plan should trump his vengeancne plan.

However, I'll just hand up with a scratch if this goes on. It's only meaningful if I can get the last card. This plan will never work as long as I don't get Hikari Yumesaki's assistance.

"...Hm?"

There's a trembling in my pocket, notifying me of a mail.

Paying particular heed, I stare at the cellphone screen--

**"Is it okay to meet you later?"**

But rather than the content, it is the sender that shocked me.

"..."

And so, with cellphone in hand, I sprint out on the dark asphalt.

The string I once shred off.

Perhaps it did not burn off completely after all.

I begged quietly as I sprinted.

The sky was dyed black, ostensibly ready to cry.

As I expected, I was late. Having read into this a lot, my heart was aching.

"Sorry for calling you out so suddenly."

The park back then.

The memories back then.

The memories of the recent past appeared in my mind, but it still feels nostalgic to me.

It's my classmate, Kasumi.

The cold ice cream remains here, now in the form of a memory.

Ever since that confession, we pulled a little distance from us. Thanks to Hikari Yumesaki trying to maintain a relationship with Kasumi, we were at least able to chit-chat a little.

However, there are some things different from before. Different from before are the color of the sky, the positions we took on the bench, and the smile of her face as she chose to sit at the end.

"What's the matter? Why so sudden?"

"U...um, there's something I want to ask you no matter what."

She's stammering like before, her vision wavering in front of me.

Even if our personalities were different, and Hikari Yumesaki did all sorts of suggestive behavior, I was the one who pulled the plug, and it was the worst episode for me no matter how I thought about it. I thought that my notoriety would spread in school and I might get ostracized by my buddies,

but unexpectedly, my class felt I was a reliable guy. Some girls even showed some goodwill to me, so I guess Kasumi didn't say anything bad about me. I really have to apologize to her about this; I actually rejected a confession from such a wonderful girl, and everyone probably thinks that I have a screw loose in my head or something. I'm really sorry.

Kasumi really is a kind girl.

What does she want from me now?

"Sakamoto, I hope you're not angry, so hear me out."

Saying that as a prelude, she continues,

"Are things going well…with the girl you like?"

"Eh?"

It's an unexpected question. What does she mean?

"Wh-why you ask?"

"Well, you haven't been looking fine recently, so I wonder if that's the case. If I'm wrong, I'm sorry…"

…

Even she thinks that's the case after all?

If this girl too has such thoughts, I guess Hikari Yumesaki's really at her wits end, huh? Damn it.

"Erm, well...did you call me out because you want to encourage me?"

"...No, that's not it."

Kasumi lowers her head as she mutters,

"I thought this would be a chance...that if things weren't going well...then maybe, I...I still have a chance..."

"..."

"...I guess not after all. Sorry...but I still don't want to give up."

I can't help but look away.

That's because I can't look at her now. Why does she still like me? Normally speaking, she should be hating me now. However, I understand how she feels now. If I liked someone once, it's impossible to hate that person so easily.

"Kasumi, can I say some cruel things...?"

"Eh--"

I look at her straight in the eyes.

And then, I gently weave these words,

"There's a very important person to me who's suffering alone in pain. I want to save her, but I don't know what to do. I want to protect her, to embrace her, to cuddle her head, to comfort her, but I can't even do all of these."

I can't even face her, hold her hand, or exchange words with her.

To us, this is a wish that will never be fulfilled.

I fell in love with a girl I will never meet again.

"...You love that girl till..."

Kasumi muttered as she closed her eyes.

The painful voice is too much that I don't dare to look at her.

"What do I do? How can I make her smile again? If it's you...what do you want me to do?"

I know I'm saying such cruel things.

I feel that I've did lot of cruel stuff to Kasumi.

"...Sorry for saying such annoying things."

"N-no, don't worry about it. I'm happy that you're...still thinking for my sake even in this situation..."

I hear a choking voice, and that's soon overpowered by snivelling.

Her eyes a little teary, she gives a little smile.

"Open up your heart. If you are able to convey your feelings of her to her, she'll definitely smile. I-I definitely will wish for that from you, Sakamoto...if it's me... because I want to know that person's true thoughts..."

"..."

I felt something pass through my mind at that instance.

The thing I was always running from has finally shown its true form.

"...You're kind as I expected, always kind...no matter when..."

"I'm not kind in any way."

"That's not true. You are really kind, Sakamoto, kinder than anyone else."

She spoke with a warm voice that seems to engulf the me nearly burning out like a candle.

And she embraced me gently to prevent me from being extinguished.

"...Fufu, now you owe me a huge favor, you know...?"

She stands up, and turn to me, saying this.

She bares her teeth, showing a rare smile that felt really dazzling.

"See you tomorrow, Sakamoto. Bye bye."

She smiles, looking as if she has given up on something as she runs off.

I relax my shoulders after so long, and look up at the sky.

I then say the words I was unable to say.

*Thank you for loving this me.*

"Is that all?"

After bidding farewell with Kasumi, I seat down and face the notebook for a few hours, completing this passage,

**"I never regretted saving you, and never will I regret it, ever. So please believe me. I'll protect you."**

Just writing these words alone caused me to spend quite some time.

But these are the true thoughts I tried my best to think of.

The true feelings of mine which I was unable to convey before.

After my chat with Kasumi, I finally realized how much of an emotional crutch HIkari Yumesaki was to me.

"I'll leave the me tomorrow to you, Kasumi."

And so, I fall asleep.

I see a girl in my dream.

And she is standing behind me, smiling.

"...Huh?"

I was suddenly awaken from my sleep.

Darkness and the silent wind surround my body, and my consciousness resides in it.

I stand at the veranda, looking up at the sunrise sky.

...I didn't sleep...?

It seems like Hikari Yumesaki didn't sleep and waited for 4.59am to arrive. What does this mean? I'm starting to be afraid thinking about it, and quickly look over at the cellphone in my left hand to check the date.

It's July 17, and tomorrow's Hikari Yumesaki's birthday

"--Ah."

And then, I notice the thing in my right hand.

The only bridge linking her and me.

The notebook that can be said to be the bond between her and me.

"...She did it...!"

And I didn't have the time to hesitate.

The sound of the pages flipping roamed about as I hurried through them.

Written o it was the long belated reply from her.

The last hope Hikari Yumesaki left to me--

**"Sorry. I'll tell you everything here. You have to stop Kazeshiro!"**

It's rare for that girl to not joke around here, nor was she playing a prank on me. That one line was like a prayer.

...Truth? What is it?

At that instant, I hesitated over whether I should continue reading it, but I chose to shake my head and shake off all unnecessary thoughts.

No matter how much of a painful truth it was.

"Because I'm your partner, Hikari Yumesaki."

I mutter this, and continue to read.

The truth about Hikari Yumesaki, what she entrusted to me--

.....

.....

...

".....Are you serious...?"

Wait...that is...

This unbelievable truth caused me to groan in a deep voice, and I again scan the date on the cellphone.

It's July 17, past 5am.

Kazeshiro's plan is to be done on July 18.

I only have 24 hours left.

"...No choice but to go."

I clench my fists hard under the clouds, while neither the sun nor moon were visible.

The rain continues to pour hard, and it's 4.30am.

I waited in the abandoned building for that time to arrive.

It's July 18. Hikari Yumesaki's birthday has finally arrived.

And also, this is the day of Kazeshiro's vengeance.

It's the beginning of the day here, but I only have another 29 minutes to go. After that, it won't be me, and I have to end all these before that happens.

Even if it's raining hard, I can see a few reporters here and there on the streets, here after Kazeshiro proclaimed on the internet that he would kill himself. They didn't know where he would be, what time it is, or whether it would really happen. These guys really have some

free time.

But it doesn't matter whether they're here. Rather, it's a good thing that they're here.

That guy should be here soon--

"ARRRGGGGHHHH!!!!"

"--!?"

There was a startling roar in the rain.

And at the same time, the groggy media bunch quickly look over. Standing over there is--

"It's me!! I'm going to kill myself now!! RAAAWWWRRRRR!!!"

A man's standing in the middle of a cross junction that's without anyone driving through, growling.

A motorbike with its engines roaring.

About the same height as me.

He has a thoroughly trained body.

And, and--

A mohawk hair that's no less than the rain!!

"What's the point of life if there's no two-shots with girls!! Come with me, reporters! Watch how I die here!!"

"Hey, wait! Cameras ready! He's here!"

"What!? So early?"

"Looks like there's point in setting ambush here!"

You idiot! Act natural when luring the enemy! Why are you fussing about a two-shot at such a time!?

"RAAAWWRRR!! I'll get my long-awaited two-shot once I complete this!"

But that mohawk head doesn't care about my worries at all.

Once he furiously made his suicide declare, he rode off on the motorbike. The onlookers naturally follow him off, and the lured media personnel start to give chase. Ah...I guess it's fine since it works.

And this really is the perfect timing for me.

"Yo, Kazeshiro. Waiting for you here."

"...Sakamoto. What do you want?"

Standing at the entrance of the abandoned building is a figure holding an embrella.

Takayuki Kazeshiro has finally appeared.

"What about you? What are you doing?"

"Shut up. That phone call just now was from you...damn it!"

Haha. Don't be so angry, Kazeshiro, your plan is a ittle too naive.

Your plan requires the attention of the media for it to be significant. Then, before you put it to action, I'll just have to get the mohawk head to cause a ruckus and lure the media away. Whether he gets caught or escapes successfully, nobody in the media will notice you. Japan's already a country with high suicide rates. There's nothing strange about a copycat criminal.

"Also, the polyethylene tanks got moved away thanks to those delinquents."

"...Damn it..."

And thanks to my sister's assistance, I have a rough guess on this guy's plan.

"This is an abandoned building, and you intend to splash kerosene here and burn away. That's why you moved the oil tank here."

If it's noon, and the empty abandoned building is to be set aflame, it'll definitely garner attention. I don't know how he intends to kill himself later on, but doing so much till this point is basically success. Unfortunately, this is all he can do.

"What do you intend to do!? It's too late for you to move the kerosene again. It's easy to light it up, but it's going to rain the entire day! I'll call the fire brigade!"

'...!"

Things were simple after that. My little sister found Kazeshiro's cellphone number for this, and I waited for a moment to give a phone call, saying 'your plan's revealed. We moved away the kerosene', and everything's fine. That paranoid guy would surely come by to have a look.

"I-it's not over yet, Sakamoto..."

"You really are a sore loser."

I give a wry smile at Kazeshiro, who still hasn't given up.

Guess there's no choice.

"Kazeshiro! Do you know where this place is?"

I ask Kazeshiro, who dropped his umbrella, as I point at the front of the abandoned building as we face off against each other, the pedestrian crossing.

"How can I not know!?"

"I know right!?"

There's no way he won't know about it. This is a place absolutely unforgettable to us both.

This is the place where the girl we loved departed the Earth.

To Kazeshiro, this is the end of the story.

To me, this is the beginning.

The story woven in a corner of the world has to end at this place after all.

"Kazeshiro! What do you think of me!"

I yelled, seemingly shaking away the rain splattering the building.

I'm begging that this voice will reach the crybaby who's not on this world.

"Kazeshiro, I used to be a guy everyone hated, just someone who caused trouble for everyone. The one who changed me isn't anyone else; it's Hikari YUmesaki."

Kazeshiro didn't say anything.

And so, I continue.

"But when I think about it carefully, I realize its a mistake. I didn't change at all. I just feel that I changed, because I didn't do anything."

Yes, I didn't do anything.

"I always thought I couldn't do anything. But that's not the case. Hikari Yumesaki taught me this, that this me is able to do anything. I can make friends, get a girlfriend, be the most popular guy in class. These are what she taught me."

I thought I was the one who saved her.

But that's not the case.

In fact, I was the one being saved all this while.

She had always been watching over me.

And so,

Because of this, I didn't change.

For her sake, I have to be stronger.

"Kazeshiro, stop trying to kill yourself! Your vengeance can be said to be just some stupid self-satisfaction! Nothing will change even if you do this! Wake up!"

But the haze shrouding Kazeshiro's face has yet to subside.

"...What do you know? I'm taking revenge for Hikari Yumesaki. Nobody can stop me."

Standing in a dark corner, Kazeshiro pulls out something from his bag.

That's a lighter, and a PET bottle...?

"Sakamoto, did you think this will be enough to stop me? The attention has decreased, true, but the media's just insurance for me. As long as I die here, I'll definitely gain attention. All the preparations are already done."

"...Preparations?"

"Tomorrow, when tomorrow comes, my email will automatically send messages to news stations and the press. The mails will include the truth about Hikari and my deaths. I-it's not over yet!"

Wait--

"What are you planning, Kazeshiro?"

"I said it many times already. I'm going to die here today. There's kerosene in this bottle, and I still have more inside. It's not enough to burn the building, but it's enough for me to burn myself. It's not a nice feeling to pour kerosene down my head though."

And so, Kazeshiro opened the PET bottole.

.....That idiot!

"Kazeshiro, stop! Throw away that lighter!"

"Don't come!"

"I told you to stop!"

Damn it...

Kazeshiro, you bastard! Why haven't you given up yet?

"Please, don't come here...I can't come here any longer...it's because of me that Hikari died. Do you know how much I'm suffering here!?"

"You're mistaken! That's not the case!"

"I'm not wrong! This is the final redemption I can do--!"

And so, Kazeshiro flicks the lighter in front of him.

But, but,

I can't let him kill himself.

And my feet naturally move forward.

And then, I feel as if I'm casting aside the me that day.

There's definitely someone pushing me forward from behind.

I, I...

I said that I'll protect you--!"

**""I once practiced swimming with Kazeshiro, but we can't because neither of us can swim!""**

"----Huh?"

Just when Kazeshiro was about to light the fire, I yell at him while shouting this.

His movements stop, and once I saw that, I slowly approach him, yelling,

**"I once held a birthday party for Kazeshiro at the 'South Polar Star'! I forgot my wallet, so I had him treat me."**

**"I once went to Kazeshiro's house to prepare for chemistry exam, and when I asked him, what is a mole, he laughed at me!"**

**"When Kazeshiro wrote his career aspirations as a teacher, I said it doesn't suit it, and he got angry!"**

**"Kazeshiro got angry that I fed him parsley, which he doesn't like! I'll get him to eat that again!"**

"...Wh...aa..."

"...My room reeks of parsley because of you, huh? Take responsibility for that."

I stand in front of Kazeshiro, and snatch the lighter while he was dumbfounded. Well, that's dangerous, huh?

And then, I take out the notebook from my shoulder bag.

That's the secret diary between Hikari Yumesaki and me. To be honest, I'm really reluctant to show it to Kazeshiro.

"Look at this!"

I open the notebook and show it to Kazeshiro.

"I did say at the graveyard that she's my other half. That girl and I I swap personalities every day. This is what the me yesterday wrote, stuff only you and Hikari Yumesaki will know of. This is the proof, and you should believe me now."

"...!"

Kazeshiro's swimming eyes started at the notebook.

Written on it was Hikari Yumesaki's last wish, the memories only Kazeshiro and she would know of. It was crammed with words, some of them tilted even.

And at the bottom, she wrote,

**"I didn't kill myself. Trust me."**

"...Eh...? Eh?"

"How about that, Kazeshiro? Listen up. That girl didn't kill herself. You may think it's all a joke before this, but look closely. The next page shows the true reason for her death."

"Wait, how did you know about the pool--eh, she didn't...kill herself?"

"Yeah, that girl didn't kill herself. Hikari Yumesaki wrote down the truth here."

"...!"

While Kazeshiro remained speechless, I let out a sigh

"...Now's the troublesome part."

What sort of reaction will this guy have? In a certan sense, I'm looking forward to it.

"Before I show you the next page, Kazeshiro, let's make a promise. You already believe that she's my other half--"

"Enough yapping and show me already!"

"I'll show it to you, but before that--"

"Hurry up!"

"...Okay then."

And so, I turn over to the next page.

I show the truth written on it to Kazeshiro.

The final words from the girl we liked,

**"To Sakamoto and Kazeshiro,**

**This incident is caused me, so I'm really sorry about this. But I have to reiterate here.**

**I did not kill myself.**

**It's a painful thing to be bullied, but I never intended of killing myself.**

**I did think of it, but you probably had such thoughts, don't you, Sakamoto, Akitsuki? When you're feeling depressed, or when you feel disgusted with everything else. When I thought of mom and Kazeshiro, I couldn't bring myself to do that.**

**But on that day, I died.**

**As the police had reported, I did die of an accident because I was careless. It's not fully because of me being careless though.**

**On that day, I..."**

At that point, I took the notebook back.

"W-what are you doing, Sakamoto?"

"Wait. Before this, there's something I have to talk to you about."

"What? Hurry up!!"

Kazeshiro yelled with his face pale, the bellow mixing in with the rain.

There's something I have to say no matter what.

"Well, fine, Kazeshiro. Let me tell you first. What appears next is the truth. No matter how unbelievable it is, don't lose your cool."

"...Yeah, got it."

"It's a promise. Keep calm no matter what you see, 'kay?"

"...I promise"

"Really?"

"Really."

...

Both of us stare at each other.

And then, with the rain echoing in the background, I continue,

"...No, I guess it's better for you not to know..."

"You're annoying! What are you hesitating for! Hurry up and show it to me!"

"B-because I told you before--"

"JUST SHOW ME ALREADY!"

...Okay then. You'll regret knowing this.

And then, I open that page,

"Haa..."

--And let a lethargic sigh.

**"I'll tell you the truth here.**

**Actually.**

**On the day I died, I actually passed by Sakamoto at the crossing, where the accident took place.**

**At that time, Sakamoto was showing a really terrifying face, and the passers-by were shunning him. That's the reason why he was shedding tears.**

**It's really cutttteeee!**

**Moe~!!**

**Like a guy appearing in a young girls manga**

**Like the antagonist that appears in games, one that you can't bring yourself to hate!**

**And then...and then!**

**I'll be honest here, the trending BL sensor within me was beeping away!**

**I finally found the 'Uke' character I was looking for.**

**A perfect contrasting match to the 'seme' eyes of Kazeshiro!**

**It's moe if the timid delinquent is to entangle together with the handsome Kazeshiro~**

**When Kazeshiro pushes down the teary eyed Sakamoto and do things like this, right?**

**...**

**And then I walked on without seeing my surroundings...and then I died.☆**

**It's possible LOLOLOL."**

...

"......Kazeshiro...that's..."

"LIKE HELL IT IS!!!"

Wow, what an amazing reply to that! I got to hand it to Hikari Yumesaki. She's really a natural airhead.

"Huh!? What did you just say!? M-moe!? Eh, no, I might as well just die...right now...ahhhhhhhhhhh....."

This is bad. The reality in front of Kazeshiro's completely gone here. Calm down, calm down! Why are you stripping out of a sudden! Calm down now! Your character's changing!

"Kazeshiro! Accept this! This is reality! This idiotic girl died because of this stupid interest, and ended up being my other half! Just read on already!"

And then, I open the next page in front of Kazeshiro. Written on it is--

**"Because, this is--too attractive!!**

**Kazeshiro may look a little aloof, but he's really fleetingly handsome.**

**And Sakamoto may look very scary, but he's actually very cowardy.**

**It's a once in a generation match here! And also, Sakamoto's very much like a character in the novel I like!**

**When Sakamoto's being all teary and such, Kazeshiro will pretend to be aloof, but will embrace Sakamoto gently from behind...kyaaa!**

**Well? Don't you guys think it's cute!?"**

"LIKE HELL I KNOW!"

And Kazeshiro's yell overpowered even the rain.

Hm, you think that way? So do I.

"Don't mess around with me! This is too illogical! Even if it's a joke, there's a limit to that! How can that--person be interested in that sort of thing.....ahh, speaking of which..."

It looks like you have some idea of what's going on.

Same as me.

***--I never thought you would have such interests (LOL). Follow rule number 4 (LOL).***

***--I don't really like it that much, but it's only recently that I've interest in such things.***

...That novel was the foreshadowing of all of these things.

"The-then, why didn't you say anything before! I wanted to die--"

"Here, I'll lend you this notebook to read for the time being."

I hand over the notebook to Kazeshiro, and then pick up the PET bottle filled with kerosene that had rolled to the side. Ah, on a side note, there's still a continuation of Hikari Yumesaki's reply on the next page. The content was really unbelievable, so I read through it many times. Thanks to that, I managed to memorize the contents.

**"Actually, I wanted to say the truth! When Kazeshiro said that he wanted to take revenge, I thought that was because of me, so I really wanted to say it right away! But if I say it using this body, there's no way Kazeshiro would have believed me…and, well, it's a little embarrassing. I actually liked that sort of thing between boys…but I can't let this important Kazeshiro die here. That's why I've decided to come out and openly reveal that I'm a BL lover! Praise me now!"**

"Like Hell I will! This…idiot…"

Ah, this isn't good.

Now the usually poised and collected Kazeshiro's about to collapse. Is his head completely seething?

"Because of…this reason…I was really going to kill myself…"

I understand that feeling very well. I did swear in front of Hikari Yumesaki's grave, saying something like "I'll definitely stop you, Kazeshiro, definitely…! (pumped up)" . That's a black mark in my history now. Ah, but

those words coming from you "I won't lose to anyone if it's my feelings for her." probably would be somewhat similar.

"...Sakamoto..."

"What?"

"What's with the contents of that message...?"

"The last message? You mean that? That **"I can't live on alone in this world anymore. The ones connecting my life to this world are the cold, yet gentle eyes** line?"

"How do you know about that!?"

"I picked up her student handbook at the scene of the crime, and those words were inside."

Of course, Hikari Yumesaki did explain about it.

**"Actually, that's a line that appeared in my favorite novel.**

**I wanted to use it when I have someone I like, so I copied it into the student handbook.**

**But that line really sounded like a will.**

**Ahaha! Sorry!"**

Right now, I'm not the one clicking my tongue at the illustration of a pretty girl kneel down and grovelling her head. Kazeshiro is.

For I too am reflecting on my actions, that I should have noticed it earlier.

I found the BL novels she hid before, and there was that one line inside it. I saw it before, but it's only now that I noticed it...

"Then why did she send that message in the first place! And at that moment too!"

"Just sit down already, Kazeshiro. Stop stripping yourself! Anyway, read the next page."

**"Well, Kazeshiro just wouldn't listen to my calls.**

**I thought even if it's a line from the novel, it wouldn't be out of place in this situation, and then I tried to see if it works (laughs) It's like when I buy my umbrella and shoes, I think of using them immediately! It's like that feeling❤**

**And I thought that if I were to send some deep stuff over, the overly serious Kazeshiro will definitely reply to me. But then I died immediately afterwards LOLOLOLOLOLOL**

**Sorry!"**

"...Ahh, is that so?"

Yeah…Kazeshiro finally looks over at me…

Same here. I too think this girl's an idiot, really.

And to conclude,

Hikari Yumesaki wanted to hide the fact that she died because of the stupid reason that she's a fujoshi.

But Kazeshiro was so stubborn in thinking that she killed herself because she was bullied, and thought of taking revenge. As for me, I thought she killed herself, thinking that the words she left on the handbook was a will.

Hikari Yumesaki wanted to clear the misunderstanding, but also wanted to hide the reason behind her death.

And so, she could only think of a way to settle this alone. Things later got more severe though, and Kazeshiro declared that he would kill himself.

And so, left with no choice, Hikari Yumesaki decided to come out of the closet.

A full throttle fujoshi is really too strong…

Hahahahaha, haha, hahaha…

Haaa…

Seriously…even the way she died…was pretty cute.

"Hey, Kazeshiro, at least finish reading the explanation..

Having been fooled completely by Hikari Yumesaki, Kazeshiro's like a woodlouse which had just woken up, and I turn over the page for him to read. That's the explanation Hikari Yumesaki racked her brains trying to add on...I think.

**"But I can't help it! Kazeshiro and Sakamoto are both so handsome!**

**It's because you two are too cool!**

**There was a time when I felt at pain because I was bullied.**

**But it's because I'm able to see Kazeshiro every day that I've been working hard to live on.**

**I'm sad that I died, but because of Sakamoto, I still intend to live on, I guess.**

**I love both of you. *Blows kisses* Here's my love for both of you virgins!**

**And so, the fault lies in both of you being so amazing!**

**Right, right, I'm not the one at fault!**

**Oka, based on Hikari-styled's majority vote, it's decided that I'm not the one at fault--**

**That's all~"**

"...Humph."

Kazeshiro looks like he's either enraged or was about to burst into laughter. Yeah, I understand your feelings. I really feel angry--but I can't get angry because the girl I like said that. I too...

"Sakamoto."

"What?"

"Let me punch you."

"Do it to the me tomorrow."

"...What's the time now?"

"4.58am."

"I see. So you planned it?"

"Yeah. I can't possibly punch myself."

"With that face of yours, there's no reason for me to hold back."

"I'll leave it to you, in more ways than one."

It's really great that he's an open-minded guy. I get along wth you really well. Maybe we'll be good buddies.

Giving a wry smile, I take out a black marker from my bag.

"Lend me your arm for a bit."

And then, I scribble some words on Kazeshiro's arms, while the latter showed a gentle smile he never did before.

**"I'm already played my part as the good guy. It's your turn next, the time to be decisive!'**

I'm returning those words you once said.

With an impish heart, I snicker.

Maybe my feelings were conveyed as Kazeshiro smiled once he met me in the eyes, saying,

"Sakamoto."

"What?"

"Your life is filled with joy."

"...Yeah, it really is."

And so, I look out of the window.

I raise my hand, looking at the watch, and reach out to the narrow rainy sky.

Sleeping behind it is my sun.

"There's still 10 seconds till 4.59am."

I then smile at Kazeshiro, who's unable to hide his embarrassment.

"What will you two do after this?"

"I'll leave my other half to you."

And so, I die,

And she revives...

Tomorrow, I will die.
You will revive.
CUT7
明日、俺は死ぬ。
君に会うために。

## CUT 7

# Tomorrow, I will die. I will meet you.

---

**"Look up."**

"Up?"

Carrying the notebook, I look up at the ceiling.

Ah, there seems to be something written on the ceiling.

**"Look right."**

"Right..."

I turn to a corner of the ceiling, and there's a message there.

**"Open the closet."**

"What does she wants?"

This prank really is just like what she'll normally do, and I can't help but give a bitter smile.

It's July 21, and the many days of rain finally faded.

It's the first day of summer vacation, the shadows of rainy clouds appearing on the floor.

One of the benefits with holidays is that I'm able to leisurely wake up, and like usual, I'm forced to play along with her games. Well, whatever. I'm on vacation, so I'll play along.

"Erm, what does it says? **"My treasure? If you want it, you can have it! Everything in this world is all in that place! First, you have to go to your sister and say 'good morning'"**...Haaa."

That girl's still thinking about these dumbfounding games like usual.

I let out a sigh as I see the One Piece message that's written in Hiroshima dialect stuck in the closet.

"Got it, got it."

I take the note down, and head towards the bathroom, wanting to wash my face.

The wind blowing into the room ruffles my ears. I lift my head and looks out from the window, seeing a refreshing blue light. The chirping of the crickets outside the window is like a peaceful harmony.

"It's summer vacation, huh?"

Thinking about this, I change my clothes, and head to my little sister's room as Hikari Yumesaki instructed me. I tap at the door, and greets,

"Morning, Yukiko--"

"I GOT MY INSPIRATION!!!!!!!"

What was that about? She shocked me!

Don't just scream like that!

"It's a trance! A heavenly like feeling! I can't stop this!! Big brother's the best after all! This will definitely be a top-seller!"

My sister's seated in front of the computer that's placed on the desk, tapping away at the keyboard furiously, yelling in ecstasy.

"Brother woke up rather early today, and I felt it was very weird, so I tailed him from behind. And then, for some reason, he started arguing with Kazeshiro, and then his tone became feminine. The relationship between men--WOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWW!!! It's coming! Brother's the best here!"

What's going on? This girl's being so agitated I'm feeling a little freaked out by it. It feels like she's been at this from morning till night.

"Yo, Yukiko...morning!"

"Ah, morning, brother! Yukiko's still good as usual today! Yukiko's been a little weird recently though!"

Oh, so you realized that too? Great. Also, please wipe the drool off your mouth.

"Anyway, what do you want? I'm a little busy today!"

"Ah, it's nothing. Just saying hello."

"It's rare to see you come over to greet...ah."

My little sister seems to remember something as she pauses what she's doing, and takes out a note from her book before handing it to me.

"Hm? What's this?"

"What are you saying? You're the one who prepared it. You asked me to hand it to you after you wake up. Have you forgotten?"

Ah, I see. So that's how it is.

"Thanks."

Once I thank her, I leave my sister's room, and open the envelope.

There's a letter inside.

**"There's a date at the game center after 2pm!"**

After a quick meal to fill my tummy, I head to the nearby game center, well, the parking lot.

Waiting for me over there are these guys.

"Thank you very much! We shall never forget your graciousness, Sakamoto!!"

""""THANK YOU!!!""""

The delinquent gang, led by the mohawk head, yell gruffly.

I got them to lure the media's attention during the previous attention, and my promise to them was to get a girl to do a two-shot with them as reward. I don't know where Hikari Yumesaki got this intel from, as she arranged a photoshoot on this day.

On a side note, it looks like the mohawk head managed to get away from the media's pursuit. The local newspaper published an eyecatching report 'A mysterious mohawk man failed to kill himself?' and so, the mohawk head became a hoodlum of unknown identity. Thanks to this, Kazeshiro's suicide plan was assumed to be done by this mohawk head, preventing a major ruckus from happening. Well, with his hair being so eye-catching, maybe it's not a surprise if he's taken away by the police for questioning one day...

"Ah, well, we're going by order here, so line up...is that alright?"

"Y-yeah, take all you want..."

And there's a surprising character here.

There's a sweet-looking girl with dazzling orange hair and a hairpin, her braids swaying gently in the wind.

"Here, say cheese."

"WOOOOWWWW! I-I finally got a two-shot with a girl!!!"

"Congratulations. I-I'm sorry to have you take photos with a girl like me...?"

Kasumi's standing beside the mohawk head, showing a sheepish smile.

The letter Hikari Yumesaki left with my sister reads,

**"I was discussing about the photo shoot with the mohawk head, wondering where I can get the girl to join in. For some reason, Kasumi said that she wanted to join in too! What's going on? I'm not really sure, but it's really a good chance!"**

Does she want to make amends? I guess this is most likely...

"Thank you very much, Princess Kasumi! I'll follow you for the rest of my life!"

"......Yes...please help me at all times...at all times...at all times."

"Yes!"

I guess it's just my imagination, but Kasumi's smile seems a little dark to me. That mohawk head may have gone down a dangerous path.

"E-erm, Sakamoto...?"

"Hm, wh-what?"

"We-well...as thanks for this, do you mind...going on a date with me?"

"Hm, yeah, of course."

"Ah, ehehe...I did it..."

I guess this is what I expected.

This probably is the exchange condition Kasumi talked about.

She does a little victory fist pump in front of her chest.

"I guess I can't give up after all. I'll continue working hard, until you devote yourself to me..."

"Haha..."

Kasumi declares to me. However, her mysterious smile is filled with realization. Looks like she's going to be difficult to deal with.

"Sakamoto..."

'Hm?"

She hugs her petite body as her eyes look up at me, saying,

"Erm, please think about it, after this date...which number do you want?"

"Eh!?"

I can't help but exclaim in surprise, and Kasumi lets out a little smile.

That bashful smile of hers causes my face to sizzle, but I guess I'm just talking to myself.

I wonder this as I watch the guys beside me leave with teary eyes.

"Erm...let's look at the mail sent to Kazeshiro..."

The photo shoot ended without a hitch, and before we went our seperate ways, Kasumi showed me a note saying, **"Send a message to Kazeshiro!'** What in the world does this girl want me to do?

I write an appropriate message to Kazeshiro, and walk down the scalding asphalt road basked under the intense sunlight as I wait for the reply.

There's the cross-junction in front.

The sky looks wider than before, probably because it's higher.

It seems the blood that flowed non-stop was washed away by the rain.

"...Hm?"

I feel the cellphone vibrate, and stop in my tracks, frisking for my pocket.

That's quite the fast response.

**"Forget about what I said at the graveyard! You said some embarassing things yourself too!"**

"Haha."

Sorry, Kazeshiro. It's your fault for saying, "I won't lose to anyone if it's my feelings for her." That's your black history, and I'll keep it forever. From now on, I'm going to make use of it well.

"Huh? There's more."

There's some more stuff below, and I continue to read on,

"Speaking of which, Sakamoto. Summer vacation's here, so how about we go on a trip together? The three of us, with Hikari."

"A trip, huh?"

After a second thought, I send a reply indicating my agreement,

**"Got it."**

I can't help but smile, and close my eyes.

I have no idea what she and Kazeshiro did on that day, that rainy day.

When I woke up, I was in bed.

There's the tattered notebook placed on the desk.

And on the last page, there's just the word **"Thanks"**

I don't know the details at all, but looking at how Kazeshiro sent me the mail, I guess things are finally settled, sorta.

Now that the last job's done, and just when I'm about to place the faded notebook into the desk like I've just finished a trip, and suddenly, I can't help but say 'good work'. I just feel that I've relaxed somewhat, and I guess I probably won't ever forget about such things that's worth being happy over.

"Yo, you're here."

The cellphone vibration interrupts my thought process.

Kazeshiro's reply is very simple, just a **'I'll contact you later'**. Is this how messages between guys are like?

And just when I wonder this, I notice there's still one line at the end,

**"Because I won't admit defeat."**

"...Haha."

I look up at the sky, and the winds rustling from the tall buildings ruffle through my body.

I cover myself from the bright, energetic sunlight with my hands, and again look up at the sky. The tall, blue sky looks like it's going to suck me in.

The dazzling white clouds, flicker in the air, grumbling.

That's the sound indicating to us the arrival of summer.

"Summer, huh?"

Right, I've decided.

During the summer, I'm going to meet with Mdm Hinako.

I don't care what the reason is. I want you to convey your words as it is. There'll be terrible consequences if you continue to let her misunderstand like this. It's alright. I'll think of a way to amend the ruined relationship.

"Don't just run away like that."

Even if you died, you two are mother and daugher--

"Now then, I guess things will go well."

"Eh--"

A sound suddenly passes through my mind, and the moment my consciousness returns to the ground,

I fixate my eyes.

In front of me is the street surrounded by skycrapers, with crowds moving about, causing a blur.

Amongst the intersecting crowds, I can vaguely see a mysterious existence. That figure, a stark contrast to the sun, shocks me.

For that person's--

"Yo, feeling well?"

"Y-you're from back then...!"

The black-robed guy from back then is standing several meters away from me.

He's facing me, looking like he's melting from the sun rays.

"Looks like you're doing well here. I'm relieved. Bye then."

"Wait!"

The black-robe guy bows towards me politely, and turns to leave, but I stop him,

I never thought I would be able to you again. After meeting you, I have a lot of questions to ask. Who are you? How did you get Hikari Yumesaki on me? Isn't there a better way of saying 'halving my life'? But, the most important thing I want to say is...

"Thanks!"

"...!"

I shout out at the fleeting figure that's ostensibly melting in the sunlight and crowds.

This is how it should be, right? I lost half my life, but I can say that I gained self-confidence as a result. From today on, my life will be wonderful, and it can't be replaced as long as I'm with Hikari Yumesaki--

"...I never thought you would thank me. Have you matured somewhat?"

"Thanks to you."

"But you're only saying this now. Nobody knows what will happen in the future."

"...I'll wait and see."

"Wisely put. You're the right choice after all."

I can't see his expression under the headdress, but I can hear a clear chuckle that sounds different from his gloomy getup. Speaking of which, is that your character designation? I remember you're a lot darker than that, right? I don't have any right to say that though.

"See you then, Sakamoto. It'll be great for us to meet again."

"Wait. Now that we meet, I want answers."

I stop the person in black robes from going back.

This is something I want to know no matter what

"Why did you choose me?"

:..."

I ask this question while facing his back.

After some silence, he slowly speaks,

"You want to know?"

"Sorta."

"Don't you often say that you want to die?"

Ah, maybe I did. It became a catchphrase, I guess.

"But after saying that 10,000 times, it seems you still can't die though."

"Answer me properly!"

"Hahaha!"

The laughter echoes high up towards the sky.

With the white clouds in the background, the black robes make this a striking sight, one nostalgic one.

"This is what that girl wished for. That's all."

"Hm?"

"Didn't you promise before? You have to protect her well."

"..."

This--

"That's all. And I shall say goodbye for real."

Once those words ended, the black robes turn to leave.

I feel like I met that person before, the once with the out-of-season muffler by the side...

"......Hm...?"

I look down and rack my head for an answer, and when I frown.

A clear voice passes through, and enters my mind while mixed in with the last spring breeze.

*--Your hair is pretty long, don't you think?*

"Eh--"

I instinctively lift my head, and in front of me is a vortex of crowds swirling with heat.

The buildings are reflecting the summer sunlight, disturbing my vision.

"...Huh?"

With a bitter look, I bid farewell to that black figure that's no longer there.

It feels somewhat hot here, maybe because of a certain person, I guess?

"...Did I just come back?"

I stand in front of my house, my shoulders slumped.

Kazeshiro again sends another mail.

**"Speaking of which, Hikari told me to send this message to you. I'm sending it over."**

And written under those words are,

**"It's good if you can open the second desk drawer!"**

Why is it that she's doing this in such a roundabout way?

Feeling haphazard, I return back to my room and sit down. I remember it's the second desk drawer.

I guess it's just some dumbfounding pranks again, and open the drawer without thinking much--

"--Ah."

I gasp.

And stare hard.

There's a letter inside.

The simple envelope and letter are exactly the same as the envelope and letter in my childhood memories.

"Don't tell me--"

I open the letter with trembling hands, and scan the contents written on it,

**"Are you feeling well?**

**I suddenly recall the past, so I tried writing a letter.**

**I'll be glad if you will reply me.**

**I still remember the promise.**

**From Harumi Miyamoto."**

……

…

And below the letter is a note Hikari Yumesaki wrote to me, **"that pen-pal of yours wrote a letter, and I opened it without permission. Sorry~ remember to write a reply!'**

"My impression of Miyamoto changed for some reason, huh?"

It's been several years, and from these words, it feels like she's very different from the image I had at the time I was drowning.

Miyamoto's the girl with short hair and a alice band who saved me from drowning at the campsite. The initial impression I had of her back then was that she's  an energetic girl filled with life. It seems that her image changed after she entered High School though? Well, a letter can be written in any way, and I do remember that she entered a famous elite school in Kansai. I don't remember the name of the school, but I guess we're in completely different leagues. I haven't contacted her in quite a while, and I do feel delighted that I received her letter again after so long.

But at the same time, I feel a little disappointed

"There can't be that sort of coincidence, right?"

I recall the words the black robes guy just said.

*--This is what that girl wished for. That's all.*

*--Didn't you promise before? You have to protect her well.*

"..."

After hearing those words, I had an instant suspicion if Hikari Yumesaki's true identity is Miyamoto.

But this is impossible.

The envelope clearly states that the sender's address is in Kansai, and the name's completely different. There's no way they can be the same person.

"I have to write a reply after this."

Saying this, I cautiously fold the letter carefully and put it in the desk. Maybe I'll read it again.

And so, leaving aside the letter.

I continue on with the note Hikari Yumesaki left behind. I feel three times the lethargy because the message's an absolute joke.

**"And now, the true identity of the discovered treasure is...the bonds of the comrades you just met! DON"**

"What don!? Is this all you want to say after all these?"

I felt angry at that instant, but it seems like it's unnecessary.

**"That's a joke. The white puzzle's finally complete! Clap clap clap!"**

This nostalgic topic cause me to give a wry smile. I pick up the white puzzle placed in a corner of the room.

Written on it is:

**"I do feel embarrassed if it's panties, but not if it's swimsuits!**

**In other words, what this means is that it's not an issue of the surface area covering, I think.**

**I think that panties is a work of art of seeking the invisible.**

**In other words, Sakamoto's a panties alien.**

**Dostoyevsky!"**

The above words were erratic and vague.

I nearly throw it into the trash can, but luckily, she wrote in a corner of the puzzle **'read it sideways! Read it sideways!'**

"What, password (TN: Original has the hiragana pa,su, wa, a, do,
パ，す，わ，あ，ド

at the beginning of each line. I did a redux version of underlining some words there)?"

I enter the word into the computer, and open the heart-shaped folder titled, **'my true feelings'**.

There's just one single document left over there, nothing else. Once I open the file--

"Eh--"

I'm left speechless.

How is this possible?

The white memories awaken in me.

The girl crying on the opposite river bank that day.

The long black hair was brimming with gloss, and the girl was staring right at me.

The sight of her holding a panda plushie with tears in her eyes appears in my mind.

The white dress unbefitting of a campsite.

The vague memories form a silhouette in my mind.

*--Polaris Princess! Wait right there, I'm coming to save you! I promise this in the name of In the name of Autumn Moon!*

But in the end, I was unable to save her. That was--

**“Thank you for saving me.**

**The hero of my heart when I was young, Autumn Moon.**

**From Polaris Princess"**

The impish voice of hers, which I never heard before, echo in my mind.

That's probably just my imagination.

# Afterword

I have a strange habit when it comes to writing a novel or doing my homework. Thanks to this, I suppose I wrote too much for my thanksgiving, and too short for my self-introduction, so please forgive me. I am an unorganized person.

Hello there. My name is Maru Fuji.

This is my official debut after winning the Gold Prize of the 19th Dengeki Novel Prize.

That is my self-introduction.

And now, I will like to thank all the readers of this work!

First, to Master H2SO4, thank you for providing such amazing illustrations for this work.

The editor-in-charge sends me your illustrations when I'm struggling through the editing of the script, and it feels like it's replenishing me with natural gas and gasoline, filling me with strength. Thanks to this, I'm able to continue working hard on this piece of work, and the nice timing is just filled with love, like a 'mother'.

And then, I have to thank the editor-in-charge. Thank you for the choice advice.

To be honest, I really didn't have much confidence as to whether I'm able to meet your expectations. Anyway, I manage to write the number of scenes for the little scene to about twice when editing the script, as you wish. I suppose I made you happy with this. When we're discussing about some unrelated scenes, you suddenly shouted, "Yukiko's a very nice name!" and I just go 'at this time!? This inexplicable timing's like a 'big brother' showering his love for the little sister.

And also, I'll like to thank the judging panel of the Dengeki Novel Prize. Thank you for awarding me this greatly.

This is a piece of delightful news for me, pressurized from my single life, so I do feel hope for the future. I do feel apologetic for using this as a 3-part joke, but this really is a God-like timing, a real God. I never thought I'll meet God in this world. Please allow me to continue worshiping in my heart.

Finally, though I do find it very unbelievable, I will like to earnestly thank Mr Sagu Saruyama (TN: Ro-Kyu-Bu! authors, for all you lolicons out there) for writing a recommendation letter. I am really grateful that you did it despite your hectic schedule.

I still have yet to see the recommendation letter when writing this afterword, but I firmly believe that it will be so wondering it is ripe with the the gentleness from his work. I am looking forward to it.

I will continue to work hard with the support of the reliable mother, big brother and Gods who gave me support. With this, I shall bid farewell.

http://hereticlnt.blogspot.sg/p/tomorrow-i-will-die-you-will-revive.html

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